The Outlook

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The New Attorney-General

THWARTED in the plans he had carefully made for the conduct of the Department of Justice in accord with his own principles, President Coolidge turned, when the Senate refused to confirm Charles Beecher Warren, to a personal friend. He had no time to look about among the Nation's lawyers of recognized greatness. He reached back to his native hills and picked a man whose capabilities and—more important—whose devotion he knew.

Not all of the politicians within Mr. Coolidge's own party are pleased. And the politicians of the other party and of no party who forced this situation upon the President are no more pleased than are some of the Republican politicians. A precedent is established for making Cabinet selections on the ground of personal loyalty rather than of party service. The emolumental side of party politics becomes necessarily less attractive if personal friendship is to be set above thick-and-thin devotion to the party. The politicians who heaved at the President what they thought was a brick have found it to be a boomerang.

There are those, too, who intimate that the President is building a provincial government, that New England is being exalted to places of power out of all keeping with its relative importance as a section of a country territorially as great as the United States. The point is made that the President has given substantially no recognition to the Republicans of the South by appointment to important positions, and that the Far West, and even the Middle West, have not been too liberally dealt with.

While there may be force to these contentions, there are few persons of broad enough view to extend beyond the considerations of so-called practical politics who will quarrel with Mr. Coolidge over the selection of John Garibaldi Sargent as Attorney-General. The man who supervises the work of the Department of Justice is, for the time being, the most important member of the President's Cabinet. Neither the country nor the President needed Senator Borah's statement to help to a recognition of this fact. In spite of Mr. Stone's brief service as Attorney-General, the work of that Department is still under a cloud. Much of the lax conduct of affairs suspected may never have existed, but it is too plain that political considerations have weighed heavily with those who direct the affairs of that Department. The suspicion is raised that legal ability is not so conspicuously present as it should be.

The President has selected to do the work necessary to be done in this Department a man whom he intimately knows, with whose legal ability and personal character he is thoroughly familiar. The blame, if he had chosen unwisely, would have fallen heavily upon him. He was right in selecting a man who, to him at least, has been proved true.

No Entanglements

JOHN G. SARGENT is one of the most picturesque men that public life in Washington has recently known. Large of frame, rugged of thought, homely and simple in his tastes, he has made an immediate appeal to those who have had the opportunity of seeing him. He is one of those men in whom the effects of a hardy rural upbringing lingers as a flavor of the soil.

There is no doubt among careful observers in Washington that Mr. Sargent will make a good Attorney-General. Whether he will be a great Attorney-General is beside the point. He has never been, in any real sense, a politician. He has to-day no political ambitions. A great honor has come to him unsought. He desires no political preferment that could come to him at the end of his term, when he will be sixty-eight years old. He has no entanglements, no personal or party debts to pay. He is as free as any man in the United States could possibly be to discharge the duties of the office of Attorney-General according to his own and his chief's convictions and consciences.

The suspicion was raised immediately following the appointment that Mr. Sargent might not show sufficient zeal in prohibition enforcement. This suspicion was based on the fact that he was originally opposed to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It appears, however, that his opposition was not the result of a "wet" tendency, but of a deep conviction that the Constitution ought not to be tampered with. There is absolutely no reason for believing that he is lukewarm toward enforcement of the prohibition laws. Indeed, it was made perfectly clear by a statement from Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel, that the Anti-Saloon League is confident that under Mr. Sargent's direction the Department of Justice will use all diligence in seeing that the liquor laws are enforced. When asked by newspaper correspondents for a statement of his position with regard to the Volstead Law, the Attorney-General himself said, "I haven't any particular policy on one law or another; I want to do my duty as I discover it in regard to all laws."

That sentence is typical of the new Attorney-General. And, doubtless, it is typical of the way in which the Department of Justice will be conducted under his direction.

Other Changes in the Department of Justice

AN extensive realignment of important positions in the Department of Justice, planned while the President expected that Mr. Warren would be Attorney-General, was got under way immediately after Mr. Sargent assumed the duties of the office.

A. T. Seymour, of Ohio, has resigned the position of Assistant to the Attorney-General. This is a position of very large importance, and the man who fills it is, perhaps, closer to the Attorney-General than is any other man in the Department. William J. Donovan, of New York, has been promoted from Assistant Attorney-General to the position vacated by Mr. Seymour. Rush Holland, of the Daugherty group, retires from an Assistant Attorney-Generalship. Two new Assistant Attorneys-General, Herman J. Galloway, of Indiana, and Ira L. Letts, of Rhode Island, have begun their duties.

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Warren F. Martin, who came into the Department with Mr. Daugherty as private secretary to the Attorney-General, is leaving that position.

What other changes may be made is not yet apparent, but it is certain that the Department of Justice will be organized in such a way as to give, in the conception of the President and his new Attorney-General, the best legal service it can be made capable of giving to the Government.

Recess Appointments

THE fact that President Coolidge has no intention of surrendering executive independence, though he was defeated in the contest with the Senate over confirmation of Mr. Warren, is indicated by his sending to the Senate a second time the nomination of Thomas F. Woodlock, of New York, to be a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The nomination of Mr. Woodlock was not rejected when first sent to the Senate, but it was a matter of general knowledge that a majority of Senators would, if the question came to a vote, oppose confirmation. The Administration leaders recognized this fact, and made no effort to bring the nomination before the Senate for action.

When the nomination of Mr. Woodlock came to the Senate the second time, the situation was unchanged. Administration leaders knew that a majority in favor of confirmation could not be mustered. Adjournment came without any sort of action taken.

The President is now perfectly free to offer a recess appointment and Mr. Woodlock to accept it without the raising of the embarrassing legal question which undoubtedly would have been raised if Mr. Woodlock had been explicitly rejected, as Mr. Warren was.

The warfare between the President and the Senate probably is not over. The President has not conceded anything; nor has the Senate. There is necessarily truce until the Senate meets again. What it then does with the President's recess appointments will indicate whether or not the warfare is to continue actively through another session.

Over-Extension in the Markets

WHEAT prices have dropped sensationally, and there has been a sagging in the stock market which has frightened a good many people. The question arises at once, Is anything fundamentally wrong either in our political or our economic situation?

We do not believe that either the recent flurry in wheat or the symptoms of bearishness in the stock markets of the country represents anything very grave in the underlying situation. This is not to say that the fall in prices has not hurt some people, chiefly in their pockets, but we incline to the opinion that most of those thus damaged have been speculators, either professional or amateur.

The causes of such phenomena are often most difficult to determine. Yet in this instance they are not far or hard to seek. Nothing has occurred either in our domestic or foreign political situation to disturb the orderly progress of peaceful business. The President's clash with the Senate over Mr. Warren might be considered an exception, since it dramatically portrayed a serious weakness in the Administration's Congressional alliance, likely at some future date to recur. In the world of business the most notable bad news was that of the St. Paul receivership. But this, too, failed to have the full effect which a bear might have desired. Receiverships for railroads, while temporarily damaging to their securities, are usually regarded when needed as a healthy process, and the reorganized road—unless it be a trolley line—rises newer and stronger from the ashes. In this case receivership was discounted well in advance.

The real reason for the reaction in the markets can be put in the word "over-extension." For several months the market has been rising, and people have been buying in immense volume. Now for every legitimate investment purchase there is a certain number of speculative purchases or commitments. There is a virus in a strong bull market that causes the disease of speculation. And when investment and investment trading have run their course, speculation keeps on automatically for a while, outrunning the conservative movement of investors.

Statistically, the positions of the stock market and the wheat market have now receded to about where they were at the close of 1924, and at that moment there were no more dark portents than there are to-day. Further, we should realize that the wheat the price of which has dropped was long ago sold by the farmer; he has lost little or nothing. And we question whether many real investors in stocks have lost or stand to lose if they have purchased sound securities.

D. G. Mason's Symphony

ORDINARILY American musical reputations, whether of composers or performers, are first established on the Continent of Europe. There seems to be a tradition running counter to music of American origin. It is therefore a matter of satisfaction to record the fact that a symphony by an American composer of American ancestry, though it has not yet been played in Europe, has been performed in this country by six famous symphonic orchestras.

Daniel Gregory Mason's Symphony in C Minor, which was played on March 15 by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of the Orchestra's guest conductor Bruno Walter, was first performed in 1916 under the direction of Stokowski in Philadelphia. Then, after revision, it was performed successively by the Detroit Orchestra in 1921 under the direction of Gabrilówitsch, by the New York Philharmonic in 1922 under the direction of Stransky, by the Minneapolis Orchestra in 1924 under the direction of Verbrugghen, by the Chicago Orchestra in January of this year under the direction of Stock, and now by the New York Symphony Orchestra on March 15 under the direction of Walter.

It is fairly certain that this symphony will hereafter be in the regular repertory of one, if not more, of these orchestras. It is certainly worthy of a high place in the orchestral literature of recent years. In musical thought it has a profundity which is rare in these days of impressionism and claptrap. And in spirit and feeling it has nobility and restraint. It belongs in the true symphonic succession. In instrumentation it is refreshingly free from the generally omnipresent influence of the opera. It is not apparently distinctly American, but rather exotic or, perhaps better, cosmopolitan in character. It is not difficult to note in it the influence of d'Indy and Brahms. It is structurally sound and stable. Its form corresponds to its musical conceptions, and indeed may be said to be the natural product of them.

Until recently the preservation of this symphony as a work of American art depended upon the safekeeping of a single manuscript copy. The printing of such a symphony as this is expensive, and there seems to be little promise of sufficient financial return from performances to justify the expense. Undoubtedly some day this symphony will be printed; but in the meantime American composers have little opportunity to hear

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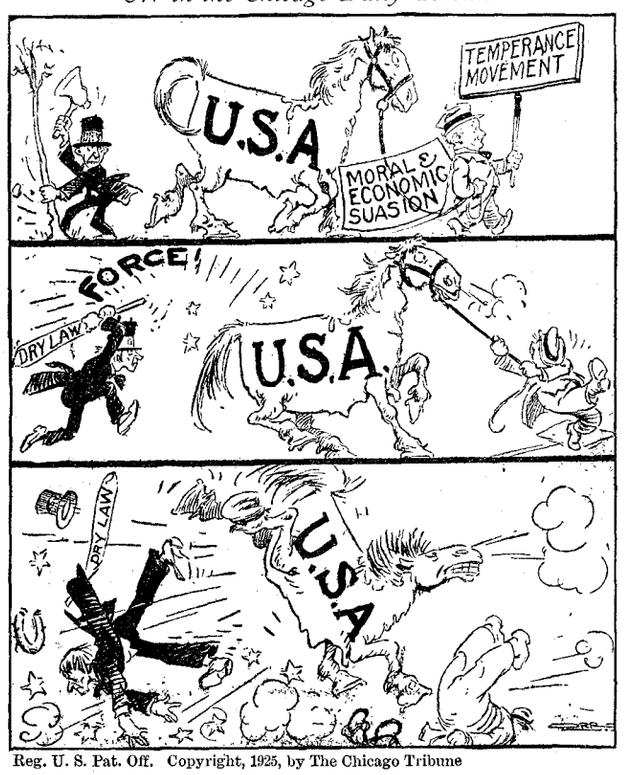
My advocation is not now in tune

(Othello, Act III, Scene 4)

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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Spirited animals are easier led than driven

From Meda F. Gross, Ogden, Ill.

Orr in the Wall Street Journal

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Maybe Charlie gave old dobbin an overdose

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Morris in the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times

Uncle Sam: "That's the queerest pair that ever sang a duet to me"

From John E. Patton, Coalmont, Tenn.

Darling in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

NOW WHERE'S THAT HALF BREED GUIDE OF OURS GONE?
SEARCH ME. HE WAS IN THE WAGON UNTIL WE GOT SAFELY ACROSS THE RIVER
RECENT NATIONAL ELECTION
COOLIDGE PROGRAM OR BUST
POLITICAL RED SKINS
INSURGENT SENATORS
BORAH

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Crossing the political badlands

From Harry K. Huntoon, Stillwater, Minn.

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In the track of the tornado. This scene of devastation represents the site of part of the town of West Franklin, a victim of the tornado which destroyed nearly a thousand lives in the Middle West

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their own works or to find assurance of performances even though their compositions may be of great merit. It is true that Deems Taylor's delightfully humorous and musicianly suite "Through the Looking-Glass," which has been repeatedly played by American orchestras, has been published; but there ought to be some provision by which an orchestral composition of symphonic rank such as that of Mr. Mason's can be made available for the frequent performances that it deserves.

The Great Disaster

On another page Professor Ward, of Harvard, gives a clear explanation of tornadoes and their causes.

The furious cyclonic storm that struck Missouri west of the Mississippi River on March 18, swept across into southern Illinois, and drove northeast to the Ohio and Wabash Rivers, slightly damaging Indiana territory and there losing its force, differed only in the extent of injury done from other disastrous storms that have visited this and other localities. The towns of Murphysboro, West Frankfort, and De Soto (all in Illinois) suffered most; in Murphysboro fire added to the fatalities. The list of deaths, as revised up to March 24, puts the number at about 825, while the number of injured was close to 3,000 and the property loss about $18,000,000. While the loss of life was nearly twice that in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the number of persons left homeless was very much smaller, and so also was the property loss, while the difficulty of rehabilitation of business and home life was incomparably less.

The terror, suffering, and heroic efforts to rescue and help the injured and care for the dead were beyond description. As in other sudden calamities of wide extent, this situation brought out once more the permanent value of the American Red Cross as an organized relief agency ready and prepared to send trains with doctors, nurses, and supplies at almost a moment's notice to the point where they are needed. In this case tents, canteens, food, nurses, and medical aid from Red Cross centers were on the spot in less than a day, and local chapters of the Red Cross were authorized to spend money freely, to be reimbursed from the National funds of the association. One interesting journalistic phase was the sending of photographs of the scenes of disaster from St. Louis and Chicago to New York by the new Belin telegraphic process, so that the pictures appeared in New York papers of March 20, the actual wire transmission taking only a few minutes.

The people of the devastated area have shown courage and resource under this tragic and appalling calamity. They have the sympathy and will have as far as needed the financial aid of the whole country. Already, less than a week after the hurricane, housing plans are under way. The littleness and powerlessness of man as against such fury of nature is equaled by human helpfulness and vigor in repairing, so far as may be, the injury inflicted and in caring for the survivors in their sorrow and bewilderment.

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The late Lord Curzon

The Marquis Curzon of Kedleston

Lord Curzon's death has caused no commotion in Great Britain's domestic or foreign affairs. It did not terminate his career, for circumstances had virtually terminated that already. Great as were his triumphs in public life, his failure to reach the office of Prime Minister was perhaps the one thing that most notably marked his life. Like Henry Clay, he will be remembered as much for what he failed to be as for what he was.

Heir to a parson as well as a peer—for his father, Baron Scarsdale, was both—he entered public life with the conception of hereditary obligation. Destined to be one of the Empire's "prancing proconsuls," he was driven by this obligation to perfect himself in languages, ancient and modern, to travel not only in Europe but to Persia, Siam, and far Korea. He underwent severe self-discipline.

Throughout his novitiate he suffered from one fatal circumstance—he was always the superior dealing with inferiors. He was the Englishman overseeing the disordered affairs of the Oriental, the landlord receiving rents from his tenants, the classic talking politics to illiterates, the son of a peer graciously honoring constituents who elected him to the House of Commons. In private life he was doubtless less haughty than his public life made him appear to be.

As Viceroy of India he not only governed—he glittered. He insisted on taking precedence over the Duke of Connaught himself. This was his right as the representative of his monarch; but he exercised it naturally. This attitude of his impaired his usefulness in dealing with other peoples. If he chose to partition Bengal, what had the Bengalese to do with it? If the Foreign Office chose to conclude the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, why should the colonials at Ottawa have anything to say about it? As for the French, Curzon informed them what it was that they had better do.

In all this he underestimated public opinion. On the eve of the Washington Conference, when Secretary Hughes was accumulating behind his policy a force of public opinion unlike that which a foreign office had ever before employed, Curzon, as Foreign Minister, spoke out like a feudal lord giving orders to his retainers.

Although his first marriage was with an American heiress, and his second with an American widow, he remained impervious to ideas which control American public life. Though during his career Ireland became independent, India was

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"reformed," the Dominions asserted their sovereignty, Labor took office, Curzon remained unchanged, and in turn found himself ignored or superseded. His daughter, the Lady Cynthia, was married to Oswald Moseley, and after enduring Curzon's toryism for a while turned Socialist with her husband and made plain what she thought of her august parent's creed.

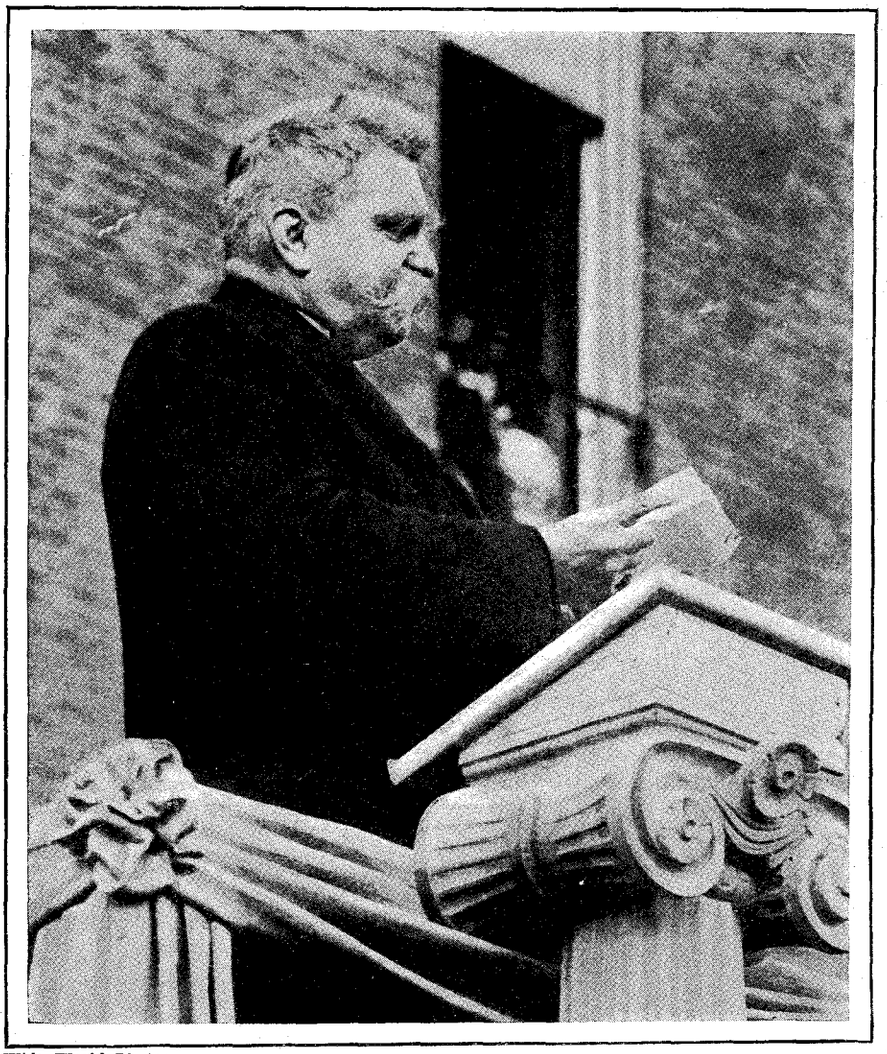
There is something indicative of Britain's stability in the life of the Marquis Curzon. There is something indicative of Britain's ability to rule alien peoples. In spite of his defects and his disappointments, Curzon furnished an example of that trait in the British landed aristocracy which it would be a tragedy for Britain to lose—that sense of public duty which is the only justification for advantage in breeding, inheritance, and education.

Our New Ambassador to Germany

THERE was no hesitancy in the Senate about confirming the President's nomination as Ambassador to Berlin of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, for four years Minister to China. And the only regretful utterance we have noted in the press was one of doubt as to whether as valuable a man can be found to fill the Chinese post.

The transfers of Mr. Houghton to London, of Dr. Schurman to Berlin, and of Mr. Kellogg from London to be the head of the State Department are just recognitions of the value of experience in diplomacy. Other things being equal, it is an enormous advantage to those who are to deal abroad or at home with our foreign affairs to know personally the character and caliber of the men they must have to do with, and this can be gained only by advancing from less important posts to those of the highest rank.

This general truth applies forcibly to Dr. Schurman, for even while he was still President of Cornell he represented the United States as head of the first Philippine Commission, and his services as American Minister to Greece and Montenegro were excellent training for the difficult post he has filled with credit in Germany and for the important task now before him. He has also the qualification of a thorough knowledge of the German language and a background of student life at three German universities.



Wide World Photos

Hjalmar Branting, ex-Premier of Sweden

A Socialist Prime Minister

THE recent death in Geneva of Hjalmar Branting closes a career of value not only to Sweden but to all the world. Branting was made Prime Minister of Sweden four years ago, and in the same year received the Nobel Peace Prize, or, rather, to speak accurately, he divided it with Christian Lange, of Norway. Outside of Norway there was some surprise that a prominent Socialist should be asked by King Gustaf to form a Cabinet. Those who knew of Branting's opposition to the Russian Reds and of the conservative character of his political doctrine as a Socialist were not surprised. He was the head of two Swedish Cabinets, neither of them of long duration. He served in the Swedish Parliament for a quarter of a century, the first Socialist to be elected to that body. It is said that the choice of Sweden as the first non-permanent member state in the Council of the League of Nations was due to the marked ability of its delegation, and especially that of the head of that delegation, Hjalmar Branting.

In his international work both in the League and in conferences outside the League Branting has been influential and able. His last public appearance, we believe, was to deliver an address last October before the Assembly of the League. The Outlook's editorial correspondent abroad, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, heard this address, which followed one by Paul Boncour. In a personal letter Mr. Baldwin thus describes the appearance of Branting:

"Paul Boncour, the pearl of French orators, had just spoken. For an hour he had delighted the ears and brain of the Assembly. It would be a bold man who would attempt to follow him. Fancy the general surprise, then, when a man who was no orator at all went to the tribune, a man exactly the opposite of the Greek-like Boncour. We had now, in contrast, a giant Viking, a man of great height, of stooping shoulders, of short, hair-brush locks, of bushy eyebrows, and with a too large and heavy mustache. . . . Branting was no brilliant and seductive orator like Boncour. But

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his talk was immensely mature, strong, vigorous, and in his seemingly fierce appearance you saw only a compelling integrity—the incarnation of the Scandinavian race."

Of Branting's political integrity and ability Mr. Baldwin says:

"A humanitarian and a democrat, an intellectual idealist with a saving sense of reality, he felt a call to found and to animate what he wanted to be a Socialist Party of accomplishment. Instead of merely prophesying reforms, it would do something for Sweden's good. He was no dreamy or thoughtlessly exuberant Socialist. He knew that his country was not yet ripe for a republic, so he remained loyal to the monarchy. Furthermore, he would not oppose the so-called working classes as against the rest of the nation; he emphasized only those points where the interests of Socialists are the interests of all men. Nor did he ever appeal alone to Socialists, but to all Swedes.

"Did these things please the Socialist hotheads? Hardly! 'Down with the intellectuals!' they cried; 'they are making our movement *bourgeois*.' Branting replied: 'Here I am. Here I stay. I fight a free man's fight for the same ends you seek. But I won't get out of your way.' And he never did. During the war he was pro-Ally. He was the first to denounce the proposed Franco-German Socialist collusion. In America we used to think that Sweden was pro-German. In 1917, however, when Branting became Minister of Finance, we heard his voice, now with Cabinet authority, equally denouncing Russian militarism and Russian Bolshevism."

On the Road to Health

We have good news for Outlook readers. During the past few weeks we have had many inquiries concerning the absence from the pages of The Outlook of the weekly editorials from the pen of Lawrence F. Abbott, Contributing Editor of The Outlook. We have waited to explain this absence until there was a prospect of an early resumption of these editorials.

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott has been seriously ill from typhoid and its consequences for over four months. He has now left the hospital, a convalescent well on the road to recovery. We know that his friends in the circle of Outlook readers will rejoice with the editors of The Outlook in this news.

Challenging Questions of Youth

WHAT have the churches to say to the youth of to-day? Do they know the questions that are in the minds if not on the lips of young people? Are they aware that young people to-day are concerned with profounder questions of religion than those which have stirred the minds of most of their elders?

That most of the young people, and especially that growing number of them who are finding their way to and through college, are comparatively indifferent to many of the questions that have divided the churches into camps and factions is apparent. To some this appears to be a sign of religious indifference. It may be, indeed, a sign of indifference to doctrine and dogma, but it is not a sign of indifference to religion. On the contrary, it is just what should be expected of those who are concerned with questions beside which most doctrinal discussions seem trivial and unreal.

In his concluding article in the series on "The Religion of the New Renaissance," which was printed in The Outlook for February 4, Kenneth Irving Brown described the requirements of a religion that must meet the needs of the thoughtful among the younger generation. It is a religion that must bring some answer to their questions. It must respect their reason and must give them something to live by. It is not always easy to ascertain what these questions are. Young people are apt to keep them to themselves if they are not listened to by their elders with understanding and with a desire to learn. But occasionally such questions come out. There has come into our hands a list of questions which are the product of a group of young men. They are members of a class at Amherst College, Massachusetts. The course which they are studying is called "Biblical Literature I;" but the subject of the course is wider than the name indicates. It is conducted by Professor James Gordon Gilkey. The topics for discussion in the meetings of the class in the third semester were based on questions drawn up by the members of the class themselves. Here are the questions:

BIBLICAL LITERATURE I

Discussion topics for meetings in the third semester

1. Do we need religion in addition to ethics? Is there any argument for religion besides the pragmatic one? Do strong minds need to postulate a God?

2. Have we any idea of the ultimate purpose of the universe? Of the ultimate purpose of human life? What are the real values of human existence?

3. What reasons have we for believing in any Cosmic Purpose or God? How does a Modernist conceive of God? How do we interpret the Trinity?

4. What is the scope of God's wisdom, activity, and power? Does he ever interfere in the course of events? Are there divine acts to-day, as at a shrine?

5. Can we reconcile the fact of suffering with the existence of a kindly God? Why do people do wrong? What do we mean by God's "forgiveness of sin"?

6. Does prayer really accomplish anything? What does public prayer (at a church service, for example) amount to? Are there not many ways of praying?

7. What do we mean by "communion with God"? How is it possible to love a being so far beyond us? Do normal people have "mystical" experiences?

8. What is the Christian attitude toward war? Toward the present industrial order? Should a Christian tolerate intolerance, evil, and mistaken ideas?

9. Can we prove human immortality? Does it not involve the survival of animals as well as men? How do Modernists conceive the next life, if there is one?

10. Why is the Church of to-day so ineffective? Is it possible to reunite the Protestant sects? Has the Church any real function in the modern world?

11. What will the religion of the future be? Will Modernism slowly replace other existing forms of Christianity? Can we bring present religion up to date?

12. Is it possible to devise a new scheme of religious education to supplant the existing Sunday school? Why study religion when nothing in it can be proved?

13. Have we any right to "spread" our religion? If old-fashioned revivalism is outgrown, is there anything that will take its place?

14. Can anything really be said in defense of the idea of foreign missions? How do the foreigners themselves feel about religions from outside?

15. How can religious conditions at Amherst be improved? Should any chapel exercises or Bible courses be required? Are college students as a group irreligious?

16. Is the ministry a job for a real man? If it is, why do so few men ever consider it seriously as a life-work? Is the minister type improving?

Those who are charged with the religious leadership in this age can do

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nothing better than to study such questions as these.

And while youth is asking such questions it is not content to leave them unanswered. It is answering them for itself. Mr. Whitney, whose article under the title "The General Manager of the Universe" is printed in this issue of The Outlook, sent us with the manuscript of his article a letter in which he said:

"Kenneth Irving Brown's articles in The Outlook on 'The Religion of the New Renaissance' state that 'religion must recognize all existing knowledge as its ally' and needs restatement in terms of modern conceptions. The view-point expressed in the inclosed paragraphs has found a response in groups of young people of approximately the training of those especially interviewed by Mr. Brown."

Naturally, those who live in an age of business use its terms. It was in a pastoral age that God was likened to a shepherd. It was in an age of absentee landlordism and of imperial government that God was likened to the absentee owner of an estate calling his stewards to account. It was natural for the psalmist speaking to a nomadic people to interpret God to them in familiar terms. It was equally natural for Jesus, speaking to his contemporaries under Roman rule, to use familiar terms also in his interpretation of God. It is equally natural for the writer of to-day to use familiar terms if he wants to make his idea of God clear to his contemporaries. We believe that Mr. Whitney's article is also worthy of study by any who are charged with responsibility in religious leadership. We believe that if they seek to understand what is meant by the General Manager and by his policy they will understand better the religious significance of science to the minds of those who have been studying it and the religious significance to them of Jesus' teachings.

America's Galloping Chance

UNIQUE in the history of Anglo-American sports relations is the expedition under way on the part of the American Army polo team to Hurlingham, there to meet the British Army four in the return matches for the military polo championship of the world. It is the first time that an American Army four has made an official foray, though frequently some of its salient players have tangled up with the Englishmen on foreign fields. There is added prestige in this essay, since it represents America's single great international polo effort this year, and has the added sanction of the United States Polo Association, a body jealous of American supremacy in the galloping game, and more especially jealous of the country's standard-bearers abroad in this sport.

It has been said, with decreasing accuracy, that "polo is a rich man's game." Our Army team hopes further to decrease the accuracy of this easily made statement. For never was any international series of matches on a more purely amateur basis than these, nor participated in by men of lesser income. The American expedition, the venture of what is the "public's polo team" in the truest sense, is the fruit of four years of steady effort on the part of devoted soldiers and civilians to put our own Army horsemen on as nearly as possible an equal footing with the brilliant English and Anglo-Indian cavalrymen, notably from the Lancer and Hussar regiments, in something beyond mere equitation.

In this series America has registered one victory, gained in two out of three matches at Meadow Brook two years ago. So our expedition goes as defender of the title, something of a burden when the difference in climate and playing conditions is considered. With a full understanding of the size of the task in hand, last year was devoted to the rebuilding of the championship team, the gathering and sifting of mounts, the building up of team play and selection of the final squad in a winter campaign in Florida, and meticulous attention to the tiniest details of equipment and conditioning that mean the difference between victory and defeat, all other things being nearly equal.

In the light of this understanding, the leadership was turned over to Major Louis A. Beard, Q.M.C., a veteran of the last international Army team, of the Army junior champions, and probably one of the best-equipped horsemen in the service. He promptly sought out the younger players, in order to mold them into a team. There were discards, in the nature of things, and eke promotions. He uncovered in Captain Peter Rodes at No. 3, Lieutenant McGinley at No. 2, and Captain Gerhardt, who can fill in anywhere in front of the back position which Major Beard himself holds down, three of the up-and-coming players of the country, soldier or civilian. He gathered a string of mounts by equally careful selection, reinforced a little by private donation, and strengthened his forces further by the appointment to the expedition of a stable sergeant who had been with him thirteen years and by a complement of grooms who are the pick of the service. Nothing has been left undone.

This is undoubtedly the best team the Army has been able to put in the field, with its two veterans, Major Beard and Major A. H. ("Jingle") Wilson, in charge of equitation and polo at West Point, the three others mentioned, and Captain John A. Smith, another of the younger generation. And it is superbly mounted. It will meet a British Army team that will be made up of players who have been the backbone of British international polo, whether soldier or civilian, for some years. Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Melvill, Major Phipps-Hornby, Flight Commander Wise, Major F. B. Hurndall, Major Atkinson, formerly of the Count de Madre's Tigers and rich in experience on the fast fields of India, are among those who will be called to the British defense. If the stake at issue were the International Challenge Cup, probably no stronger team could be assembled in the United Kingdom without calling upon Lord Wodehouse and the Colonials, Lacey and Traill. So, in effect, our expeditionary polo forces will be engaging just about the best team that England can put in the field.

The British horsemen in the course of their visit here were the guests of the United States Polo Association, and Major Beard's team will be guests of the Hurlingham Club, practically the custodians of England's polo reputation. Neither team has any private funds with which to finance the meetings, so that the burden of these engagements falls upon the respective governing polo bodies, which is as it should be. It was proved at Meadow Brook last year that international polo can be made to support itself, whatever may be the case of private polo, and there are instances here where the game has been made less expensive than golf, difficult as that may be to believe.

At all events, this country will be ably represented in international polo this season with a well-chosen, well-prepared, well-equipped team that belongs, not to any private polo center, but to the whole Nation. The man in the street, therefore, may cheer for it with a feeling of something like a proprietary interest.

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The Enemies of the Forest

Are Its Guardians Fighters or Quitters?

LIKE a human being, a tree is constantly exposed to the attacks of destructive insects, parasites, and diseases. Forests have been ravaged by these enemies. It may be that in what has been called "a state of nature" the trees find protection in the fact that these pests encounter their own enemies, which act as defenders of the trees. Nature itself, if left alone, maintains a balance. Man has upset the balance, and if man wishes to preserve the trees he must see to it that the balance is in some way restored.

In the vast area covered by our National Forests the enemies of the trees are always present. In charge of that vast area is the Forest Service. For the wealth of timber there it is charged with the duties of guardianship. Not the least of these duties is the business of seeing that diseases, parasites, and insects that are attacking our trees are fought with courage and intelligence.

If an enemy were invading American soil, what should we say of military men who announced that there was no means of repelling him; that they would be glad to have anybody suggest to them what they ought to do; and that they thought the case was hopeless?

In the southern Appalachian Mountains there are extensive stands of chestnut. Indeed, chestnut constitutes a very large part of all the hardwood forests there, and most of it is still alive. How many millions of dollars' worth of chestnut timber is there we do not know. William C. Gregg estimates it as $50,000,000. It must amount to many millions. If a single corporation whose interest demanded a perpetual supply of this wood owned all this timber and saw it menaced by blight, it would not let its property go without keeping up its fight restlessly.

What is the attitude of the Forest Service to the danger which menaces the chestnut trees in the National Forests?

If we look at the most recent report of the Chief Forester, we find that the disease called the "chestnut blight" which has killed virtually all the mature chestnut trees in the North, has spread rapidly from the vicinity of New York nearly to the Southern limits of the species. That the disease is extremely insidious, that it is carried by the winds, that it may be conveyed on the feet of birds, that it attacks the inner portions of the cracked bark of mature chestnut trees in such a way that it cannot be reached with sprays—all these and other facts which make the fight unusually difficult are recognized, but they make the duty of carrying on the fight greater, rather than less. The Forester points out that "a systematic effort was begun to dispose of chestnut timber before the blight ruins it for commercial use." But what does he say about the attitude of the Forest Service to prevent the spread of that devastating blight? As to that, he dismisses the matter in these words: "No practical means of controlling it has been devised."

In his comment upon the Forest Service, William C. Gregg in his article in The Outlook for February 11 said:

> Its concern about whether there are too many or too few deer in the Kaibab Forest should not eclipse its interest in the chestnut blight in the southern Appalachian Mountains, which might still be stopped before it destroys the remaining fifty million dollars' worth of that timber. It is, however, doing next to nothing.

And this is all that the Chief Forester had to say in reply:

> Expert pathologists fought the chestnut blight for years and became convinced that their efforts were futile. The State of Pennsylvania spent a quarter of a million dollars in trying to curb this plague, to no avail. Any one having the slightest knowledge of this situation recognizes the absurdity of Mr. Gregg's attempt to make the Forest Service responsible for not halting the chestnut blight.

That this spirit of surrender in the face of an enemy is one which runs throughout the Forest Service, and indeed extends into the profession of forestry, is indicated by letters which The Outlook has received. Let us quote from some of them. A former member of the United States Forest Service who does not write for publication says in his letter:

> If Mr. Gregg knows anything that can be done to save the remnant of the chestnut trees from the blight, I suggest that he tell us what it is, for I understand that the case is hopeless.

Another reader of The Outlook who tells us that he writes from first-hand information on this matter says:

> There is a vast difference between checking a disease in a cultivated field and one in wild forest lands. Any one who proposes to check the chestnut blight to-day would be looked upon in much the same light as King Canute.

Another writer, one of the foremost professors of forestry in the country, says:

> Every forester, every plant pathologist, and every practical lumberman who is acquainted with the chestnut blight knows that it cannot be stopped and that to spend money on the attempt is to squander public revenues.

If what these men say is true, then not only the Forest Service, but the profession of forestry, has failed in one of its prime duties as truly as not only the United States Army but American military science would fail in one of its prime duties if it said that because adequate means of defense against a form of poison gas had never been discovered the attempt to withstand it would be like the act of King Canute and that the use of public money for the effort to solve the question would be squandering public revenue.

We realize that the laboratory work done in fighting tree diseases is not wholly, or even chiefly, carried on under the direction of the Forest Service. There are three bureaus in the Federal Government which are carrying on scientific work in the study of the enemies of trees. One of these is the Bureau of Plant Industry, to which money is appropriated for the purpose of investigating diseases of forests, ornamental trees and shrubs, and the like. Another is the Bureau of Chemistry, to which money is appropriated for the purpose of investigating insecticides and fungicides. The third is the Bureau of Entomology, which has public money at its disposal for the purpose of investigating insects. It is not the business of scientific bureaus to determine policies, but the result of the work of these four bureaus is at the disposal of the Forest Service in its fight against the chestnut blight—if the Forest Service is conducting a fight. There is nothing that has come to our attention, however, that indicates that the Forest Service is in the combatant attitude. There is nothing that indicates that the Forest Service has any other attitude than that of hopelessness and surrender. It is one of the duties of the Forest Service to adopt and carry on a policy. And it makes a great deal of difference whether those who are in charge of our forests have adopted a policy of fighting

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such a disease as the chestnut blight or a policy of quitting.

Suppose this were the attitude of administrators who determine policies of public health.

For years there was no indication of any progress toward the conquest of scarlet fever. This disease, one of the great scourges of childhood and a terror to parents, seemed to lead only to blind alleys. Was the fight to conquer it, therefore, abandoned? Did health authorities say that it was futile to combat this disease; did they say that those who advocated the fighting of it were in the attitude of King Canute; did they argue that money spent to overcome it was squandered? They did not. But if they had opposed the fighting of this disease, the converging lines of the investigations which have brought together the results of enormous study would never have resulted in the discovery of the serum which has now insured the conquest of scarlet fever.

The attitude of the Forest Service toward the chestnut blight is not a cheering sign to those who regard the first business of the Forest Service as that of a trustee of the people's wealth. We do not deplore the use of the Forests for recreation. We are aware, as all our citizens should be aware, of the impossibility and undesirability of excluding the public from the Forests; but we hold emphatically, and we believe the American people hold, that the administration of the Forests for the comfort and enjoyment of recreationists is a minor duty of the Service, and when it absorbs the enthusiasm of the foresters at the expense of their fighting spirit for the protection of the property itself it has assumed wrong proportions.

This applies to the whole question, not only of the protection of the Forests, but of their renewal. It does not seem to us a good sign that the efforts of the Forest Service should be so largely directed to subordinate matters without indication of eager insistence upon the performance of work that is essential. What the American people have a right to expect of any trustee of their Forests in dealing with a serious matter like the chestnut blight is not excuse, not reasons for inaction, but a fighting spirit on behalf of their property.

In later editorials we shall consider some of the other duties of the Forest Service and the reasons for what seems to us to be the need for a change in its spirit and attitude.

The New Ministers Across the Road

Staff Correspondence from Washington

THE new minister!

Those are peaceful and even, in some of their significances, sacred words. But they arouse the impulse of warfare in me—primitive warfare. My shoulders heave up and I am impelled to pop my right fist in my left palm at the mere mention of "the new minister." That is the lingering effect of connotation.

All through my boyhood I lived across the road from the Methodist church and parsonage. The ministers were invariably very poor preachers, though usually mighty good men, and the congregation made successful representations to Conference to have a new one sent at the end of each year. Every minister had boys, and they were invariably bad boys. Whenever a new minister came, there was no peace for me until I had fought for it with the minister's sons. I carry a ragged scar on my left knuckles which, unless I draw a thoughtful undertaker, will show when my hands are crossed in my coffin. Somewhere in the world, in a preacher's boy's mouth, is the tooth that cut it—broken.

Naturally, my back goes up when somebody says, "The new minister has come." And that has been one of the most common remarks in Washington recently. We have a flock of new ministers. True, they are not preachers, but diplomats, and have nothing in common with those who used to come to live across the road from me—nothing except that for the first few days they go around

P. & A. Photos

Tsuneo Matsudaira

wearing silk hats and calling on everybody. Still, the phrase irritates me, and I make this explanation so that the reader will understand if anything of a bellicose nature creeps into what I shall write.

TSUNEO MATSUDAIRA is installed in the Japanese Embassy, which is an old brick house in N Street just off Vermont Avenue, one of the spokes radiating from the hub called Thomas Circle. There is nothing to distinguish it as an embassy building except a flagstaff over the porch, hardly visible from the street, and a brass plate on the door which one does not see until one looks for the bell button and which simply says, "Walk In." If you follow that direction, you see in the hall, at a telephone switchboard, a remarkably pretty American girl, and beyond her, if your eyes go so far, a panel with Japanese painting of white surf lapping at a gray sand beach. In the regions beyond that screen are Tsuneo Matsudaira, his staff, his household, his wife, and three of his children, the youngest a baby not yet a year old. The oldest child, a boy of sixteen, was left in Japan.

Tsuneo Matsudaira is the largest Japanese I ever saw. He speaks excellent English with—if an American may say so—a slight English accent. His manner is genial—not Western, but democratic. And Matsudaira is a democrat. Perhaps that is the most notable fact about him. He is a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished aristocratic families of Japan. He is the oldest son of the Marquis Matsudaira, but he himself is plain Mr. Matsudaira. The title of marquis was his to claim, but he surrendered it to a younger brother, preferring to make his own way in the world. He has done it. He occupies now the post which Japanese regard as the most important in their diplomatic service.

Matsudaira has risen to this distinc-

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tion by hard work. He is plainly a plodder. There is nothing flashy about him. He has lots of good, appealing common sense. He has had much experience dealing with Americans. He was in the Japanese Foreign Office at a very critical time. He was in Siberia in 1917 and 1918, when the Japanese and American forces were there. The Americans came away denouncing the Japanese military party, but praising Matsudaira.

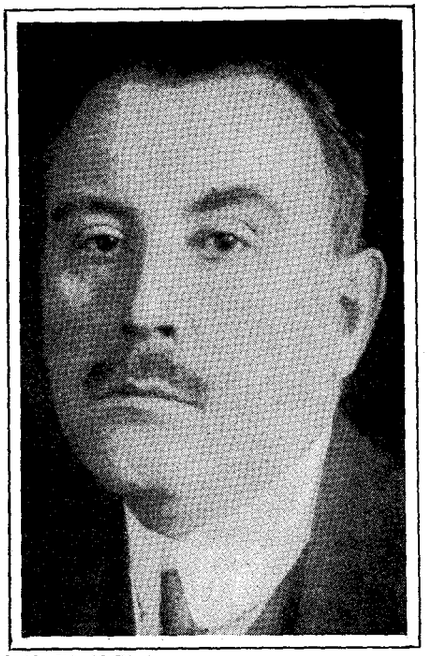
When he received the newspaper correspondents the other day, Matsudaira answered every question that was asked him, and the asking was various. Despite the variety of questions, every daily newspaper man wrote about one thing—immigration. That may be strange or it may be natural. What undoubtedly is strange is the fact that hardly two of them got the same impression of what Matsudaira said. The headlines that appeared over those articles furnish a perplexing study in American journalism. The New York "Evening World" said, "Japan Will Let Immigration Rest." But the Washington "Herald" said, "Japanese Issue to be Revived." From this direct contradiction, other headlines took every shade of intimation as to what Matsudaira will or will not do. The New York "Evening Post" said, "Envoy Denies Japan Reopening Ban Issue," but the Washington "Star" said, "Japan May Reopen Immigration Issue." The Baltimore "Sun" said, "Matsudaira Denies He Seeks Change in Immigration Ban," but its neighbor, the Baltimore "News," said, "Japs Still Fight U. S. Ban."

With such treatment at his housewarming, one might suspect that Matsudaira will not have the correspondents to see him often; but he will.

It is not worth while trying to repeat what Matsudaira really said about immigration. It is better to speak of Matsudaira.

Matsudaira never made common cause with the militaristic crowd in Japan. He belonged to the Foreign Office group, and the two groups never saw eye to eye. From the end of the Russo-Japanese War to the end of the World War the militarists were dominant. Japan had gone to war against Russia with fear and trembling, but the result of the war—the result, too, of praises heaped upon Japanese soldiers by American newspapers—was to make Japanese military men believe themselves quite the best military men of modern times. And, undoubtedly, they hankered after the opportunity to prove it.

The end of the World War brought a change in Japan. America was building a navy that Japan could not by any possibility match. America's one object,



Wide World Photos

Baron Ago von Maltzan

as it seemed to the Japanese, was control of the Pacific.

At last Japanese commercial interests had their say. What they said was that Japan could not afford to let the cocky military men have a chance to prove what good soldiers they were.

The Washington Conference was called by President Harding, and Matsudaira came to Washington as one of the Japanese representatives. He worked hard throughout the Conference and did little in a social way. Now he has returned to Washington as Japan's Ambassador. What he does will be largely an expression of what Matsudaira has been for twenty-five years.

Matsudaira will not raise the immigration question. I make that statement off my own bat. It is impossible without calling a lot of newspapers fibbers to quote Matsudaira as having said it.

Undoubtedly, if the opportunity comes for an arrangement more satisfactory to Japanese pride Matsudaira will grasp it. But about all that men of his type hope for or wish is an arrangement that will give Japan nominal recognition of national equality. Japan, more progressive than many states of Europe, none the less carries the dead weight of Asia. Thoughtful Japanese know that Japanese cannot be freely transplanted to the United States.

Except immigration, there is now no serious question between Japan and the United States. Matsudaira's task will be a fairly easy one. He undoubtedly will pay more attention to the social side than his previous sojourn in Washington would indicate. His wife is well qualified to assist him in this. She, like himself, is a member of one of the greatest families of Japan but is throughly democratized. Until the Matsudairas left for Washington, she had been for a long time European interpreter to the Empress.

OVER on the other side of Thomas Circle, in the grim old pile atop a high bank too far back from Massachusetts Avenue to be quite *unter den Linden,* Baron Ago von Maltzan has established himself as Ambassador from Germany.

One does not always go to the Embassy seeking information about an ambassador. Every one who has "covered the theaters" knows that the best criticisms are to be got from some old devotees of the drama who sit in the "peanut gallery." In Washington there are some old globe-trotters who are the best sources of information concerning foreign diplomats.

"I knew von Maltzan in China," one of them said to me. "He was a steel-helmet man then, but I have no idea he is now. The World War has come and gone since then. He lost many relatives in it. He lost his Kaiser in it. He serves a republic now, not an empire."

None the less, the Baron looks the typical German fighting man. Perhaps a man does not shed his looks with the collapse of an empire. He is active, energetic, incisive. There is something in his handshake reminiscent of Roosevelt.

Von Maltzan has been a man of vigorous action both for the Empire and for the Republic. He has shown himself a keen-witted man, too. He was in the East at the beginning of the World War. There is a story to the effect that Germany got notice of Japan's determination to enter the war on the side of the Allies in a cablegram from von Maltzan to an individual in Berlin. An official cablegram would not have gone through, nor would a private cablegram have gone had it contained any words apparently significant internationally. Von Maltzan cabled, "Engagement with Madame Butterfly forthcoming."

When von Maltzan received the newspaper men, he took precautions against the sort of manhandling that the headline writers gave Matsudaira. He talked freely enough, but he made the reservation that he was not to be quoted.

Von Maltzan's big job is to maintain a feeling of national good will toward what Germany wants to do. The United States must continue to believe that Germany is hard at work and that she has every intention of carrying out her agreements. The United States must continue to believe that Germany is not preparing to make war on anybody, that she could not make a real war, and that her sol-

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diers constitute a police force rather than an army. Undoubtedly, Germany needs peace quite as much for industrial as for political reasons. Unless she can work she cannot pay, and the Dawes Plan will not come to good fruition. We recently made a commercial treaty with Germany, and it has been well received by the masses of Germany, though German big business may not look too kindly upon it. Germany is interested in Russia. She had to rely largely upon barter with Russia for food when the exchange situation was at its worst, and still relies for many things upon exchanges with Russia. For Germany's good, the United States must not look too suspiciously at Russia. It must be understood in this country that, while the Russian army is strong enough to maintain the present Government, it is not strong enough to attack any other nation of Europe.

It is Baron von Maltzan's job to see to it that the United States does not think upon these questions in a way that would be injurious to the recovery of Germany. The Ambassador would not express it that way; but the Embassy sees the situation that way. Von Maltzan has an easier task than that which fell to his predecessor, who was a practical hermit in the Embassy throughout his residence in Washington. Von Maltzan is to be much more of a mixer, as he has already shown. Probably he will pay more attention to financial and commercial matters than most diplomats do. His silk hat was doffed at the door of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's private office the other day.

Matsudaira and von Maltzan live somewhat apart from what might be called the diplomatic colony, which is on—and immediately off—Sixteenth Street, that dressed-up thoroughfare the name of which a society woman one night changed to the Avenue of the Presidents. It took the District Government a week to change the name plates back, but they really had to be changed—because Sixteenth Street is not the Avenue of the President's, but the Boulevard of the Ambassadors.

Far out on Sixteenth Street, in perhaps the most beautiful block of it, a new Italian Ambassador occupies a new Italian Embassy—representing, possibly, a new Italy. But that is another man's story.

Dixon Merritt.

The Passing of Many Heroes

By P. W. Wilson

The last scene of a drama in wax

Madame Tussaud's has been destroyed by fire. And even they who sneered at her waxworks and her Chamber of Horrors will pause for a pang of regret. Here, after all, was an institution of world-wide fame which to-day is no more than a phrase. Something has vanished which can never be replaced, and the tourist who had no time for Tussaud's is now too late.

It was in 1760 and at Bern that little Marie Gresholtz was born; and she lived for ninety years. She was the Claire Sheridan of her day, a girl who could model portraits, in which art she instructed Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. Adopted by her uncle, M. Curtius, she came into daily contact with Voltaire, with Rousseau, with Mirabeau, and last, but not least, with Benjamin Franklin. And when the Revolution broke out, her uncle's "Museum of Wax Models," on the Boulevard du Temple, was raided and the effigies were paraded through the streets, clad in crape. At the fall of the Bastille Marie joined the crowds which thronged the dungeons. Her foot slipped, and a gentleman saved her from falling. "It would be a pity," he said, "if so young and pretty a patriot should break her neck in so horrid a place." Her savior's name was Robespierre. She detested him, but repeated his compliment in her memoirs.

So with Marat, whom Madame Tussaud describes as "the most ferocious monster that the Revolution has produced." For some reason, Marat, wishing to conceal himself from the King's officers, found a refuge for a week with young Marie's uncle and guardian. Marie learned to hate him, but carefully records his flattering adieu. And when Marat was murdered in his bath by Charlotte Corday, Marie's heart leaped with delight when two gendarmes called and requested her, firmly but politely, to take a cast of the dead man's countenance.

With Madame Tussaud it was ever like that. In the hunt for history she was usually in at the death. When Marie Antoinette was beheaded, Marie fainted; but in due course she bought the guillotine from Executioner Sanson's grandson. When the Swiss Guards fell, defending the Tuileries, she was grieved at the loss of three half-brothers and two uncles. But she turned her bereavement into publicity. And when her turn came for imprisonment she was careful to note that among her companions were a certain Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress to Napoleon, and her daughter Hortense, in due course to be Queen of Holland and mother of the Emperor Napoleon III. Madame Tussaud was thus the one personality whom the Revolution at once ruined and enriched. She capitalized her very perils.

There were then no Sunday supplements. The camera, as we have it, was unknown. And yet people wanted to see the great as the great actually appear in real life. In the Islip Chapel of Westminster Abbey there are still preserved the waxworks made of monarchs when they died. Madame Tussaud gratified this taste. Let any man get into the headlines, and his head would be reproduced. With unerring skill, the Old Lady specialized on monarchs and murderers. And for many decades the supreme reward of a man about to be hung was the knowledge that his crime had been sufficiently ingenious or atrocious to win him immortality in the Chamber of Horrors. For in Madame's Exhibition there was never anything that was in the slightest degree improper; every celebrity appeared in a full quota of furs and frills. But you hadn't to be squeamish over racks and thumbscrews. Instruments of torture were fully illustrated, and (H)arriet clung the closer to her (H)arry when, for an extra sixpence apiece, they peered into the dread mysteries of mediæval jurisprudence. At movies which tell of the Tudors you are assured of the same thrill. Mark Twain and the "Ingoldsby Legends" also touched these tender nerves. The mature who already slept badly avoided the Chamber of Horrors, but children loved the place, and lovers only squeezed each other's hands the more tightly. They became excruciatingly affectionate.

The Exhibition was first shown at the Lyceum Theatre, in the Strand, so long associated with the name of Sir Henry Irving. In due course, it was permanently established at Baker Street, in north London, where the recent fire

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From the portrait by Fischer, painted in 1845

Madame Tussaud

occurred. It developed into much more than a show of waxworks. With her usual shrewd intuition, Madame Tussaud realized that which interests people in a museum, as in a church, is the personal relic. She had an astonishing way of picking up these titbits, and especially titbits stained with blood. The counterpane under which Napoleon died at St. Helena—to give one instance—was thus stained during his autopsy. A convenient assassination spoiled the last shirt worn by King Henry IV of France and Navarre. Robespierre is pleasantly remembered by his pistols and rapier. It was thus the calamities of the great that furnished Madame Tussaud with the best of her raw material. She liked her protégés to come to a bad end. Take General Gordon. While Queen Victoria might have his Bible, Madame Tussaud secured the harness of the camel on which he took his last ride to Khartum, which did almost as well. Her specialty was Napoleon. She displayed him in his greatness, acquiring his uniform as First Consul, his and Josephine's actual coronation robes, and a great bust by Thorwaldsen. But all this was merely the prelude to Napoleon's flag at Elba, to the carriage in which he fled from Waterloo, and the little phaeton that he used at St. Helena—survivals that complimented the British patriot. So with Napoleon III. In the fatal year, 1870, the Emperor visited Metz. There he was presented with ornamental keys of the fortress, which, ceremonially, he returned to the authorities. When the Germans captured Metz, they tried to find those ornamental keys, but failed. The keys, however, turned up later at Madame Tussaud's! The Old Lady's children had not lost her cunning.

Not that the Old Lady of Baker Street dealt solely with the disappointments of God's anointeds. As a contrast to the rosary of Mary Queen of Scots and the well-thumbed atlas of Napoleon, to say nothing of the cravat worn on the scaffold by King Charles I, we used to look at more cheerful curiosities—the Oriental costume which disguised Sir Richard Burton when he risked his skin at Mecca, Voltaire's reading chair, the sword and uniform of King George III, Mendelssohn's razor and strop, the Empress Frederick's slippers, and etchings by Queen Victoria. Of King George IV, the Old Lady preserved not only the coronation robes that he wore in Westminster Abbey, but the nightcap and nightshirt in which he died. And of King Charles II we had a hornbook, while King James II was gratefully remembered till yesterday by a snuff-box.

There is, of course, a key of the Bastille preserved at Mount Vernon. It was sent to Washington by Lafayette. But if Madame Tussaud claims such a relic, it may well be that the Bastille furnished several keys, all entirely authentic. So with Napoleon's toilet box. A more elaborate dressing-case of the Emperor's is to be seen in Paris at the Musée Carnavalet, which amazing *multum in parvo* provides—in gold—not only for shaving, the manicure, and cosmetics, but for breakfast, dinner, and tea, and the writing of despatches. Napoleon loved to see everything he wanted fit into the smallest possible time and space. These duplications do not mean, of necessity, that Madame Tussaud deceived the public. What she offered as genuine could be accepted as genuine. She played the game. But where the real thing could not be obtained, she did not hesitate frankly to offer a reproduction instead. And in this way she rounded out her exhibition, giving the impression that there was little of the sensational that she had missed.

If fire has merely destroyed the waxworks, it is no great loss. The sleeping beauty who breathed, the policeman of whom you asked the time, the commissionnaire who pretended to sell programmes—these are not to be ranked as works of genius with the Venus de Milo or Raphael's Madonnas. But it will be a pity if the relics have gone. The portraits by David and Lefèvre were, in their way, masterpieces. For when art suited her scheme, Madame Tussaud did not reject it merely because it was art. All that she insisted on was that art must not be for art's sake. Art or no art, the public will wish to be shown, let us say, "the first shoes worn by the young King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, who was born on May 17, 1886, shortly after his father's death." For these keepsakes even Ibañez will spare a sympathetic glance.

Madame Tussaud was succeeded by

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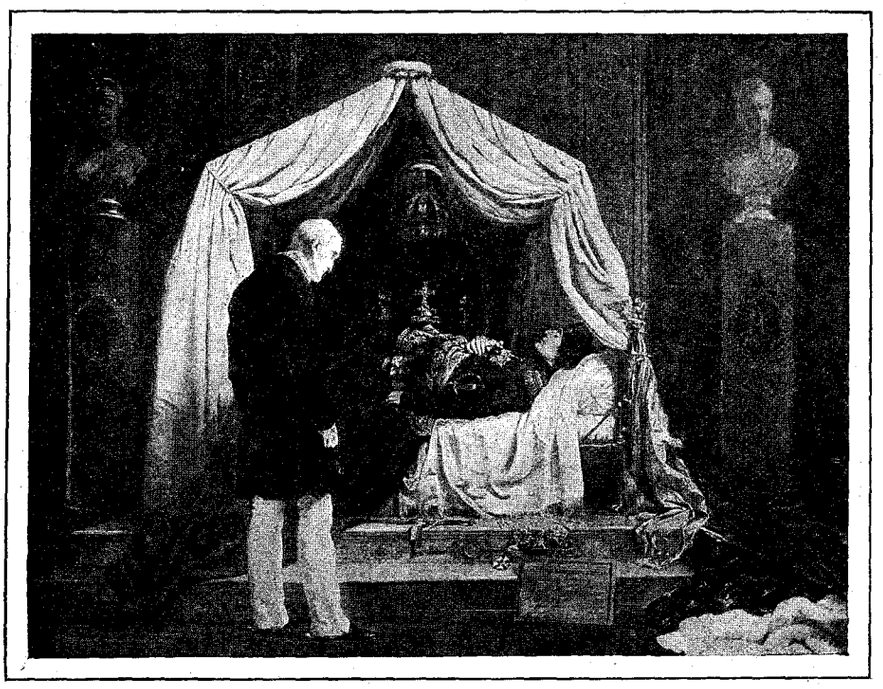

The Duke of Wellington gazing at the model of Napoleon

her son, grandson, and great-grandson. Of John Theodore Tussaud, born 1859, the invaluable "Who's Who" records that at the age of fourteen years he began to study waxworks under his father. His first model was, quite suitably, that incorrigible scapegrace, King Milan of Serbia, dated 1873. Since then he has "contributed to the Exhibition several hundreds of portrait models of the most eminent personages of the period, representing a unique and reliable record of famous men and women of the day." Indeed, his work has been admitted to the Royal Academy. And anybody who wanted to make sure of what color melted in Queen Alexandra's eyes or radiated from Madame Patti's coiffure need only consult Tussaud. But as "records" surely the waxwork has waned away forever. Not wax, but celluloid, now celebrates the famous. Instead of a Tussaud, we need a library of films and gramophone records—entirely fireproof. For a portrait to-day must be either a photograph or much more than a photograph. And the waxwork is neither. The true sculptor uses his subject merely as inspiration for his own greater art. The waxworker has no art outside the distinction of his subject. He is the journalist of the plastic profession. And as the journalist produces, not literature, but newspapers, so does the waxworker produce no more than near-statuary. Occasionally he may, like the journalist, hit off what will or should last for all time. Frequently his fingers, though molding wax, yield a worthier result than the Academician's chisel, with its impact on stone. It is so with the pen. Few books are as well written as most editorials. But over editorials none the less there lies the blight of a fatal facility. One day's weather reduces them to thin air.

For a waxwork attempts too much. You may have color without contour, as in a painting; or you may have contour without color, as in a statue. But contour plus color, as in a waxwork, transgresses the conventions. Even in Egypt the colored effigy was formal, not realistic; in fact, a decoration. The Tussauds tried, not so much to interpret the human face, as to reduce it to a forgery. Between the reproduction and the original you were not to tell the difference. They did an impossible thing exceedingly well. But what they did has gone, I fear, the way of the marionette.

Still, they had their moments, as when the Duke of Wellington visited the Exhibition and stood for a while gazing silently on Napoleon laid out dead in his formidable cloak and hat. It was the only time that Wellington ever saw Napoleon.

Tornadoes

By Robert De C. Ward

Professor of Climatology, Harvard Universtty

A TORNADO is a very intense, progressive whirl, of small diameter, with inflowing winds which increase tremendously in velocity as they near the center and develop there a whirling ascensional movement whose violence exceeds that of any other known storm. From the violently agitated main cloud mass above there usually hangs a writhing funnel-shaped cloud, swinging to and fro, rising and descending. With a frightful roar comes the whirl out of the dark, angry, often lurid west or southwest, advancing almost always in an easterly direction with the speed of a fast train; its wind velocities exceed 100, 200, and probably sometimes 300 or more miles an hour; its path usually less than a quarter of a mile wide; its whole life a matter of perhaps an hour or so. It is as ephemeral as it is intense. In semi-darkness, accompanied or closely followed by heavy rain, usually also with lightning and thunder, the tornado does its deadly work. Almost in an instant all is over. The hopeless wrecks of buildings and the dead and injured lie on the ground in a wild tangle of confusion. The tornado has passed by. It is spinning away toward the east, to carry destruction to other peaceful towns and scattering farmhouses in its path.

The central low pressure "core" of the tornado is surrounded by radially inflowing winds of moderate strength, and then, closer to the center, by spiraling and ascending winds of terrific violence, strong enough to crush and wreck the strongest buildings; rushing aloft with sufficient velocity to carry objects so heavy that for the wind to lift them seems incredible. The surface winds which take part in the general inflow and ascent are chiefly responsible for the damage and loss of life. There is, however, an additional factor. The central core, by reason of the violent spiraling winds which surround it, develops a very low pressure at the middle of the whirl. This low pressure, in its turn, exerts a powerful suction or explosive effect upon any near-by air at ordinary pressures within buildings or in any other more or less well-inclosed spaces. This curious

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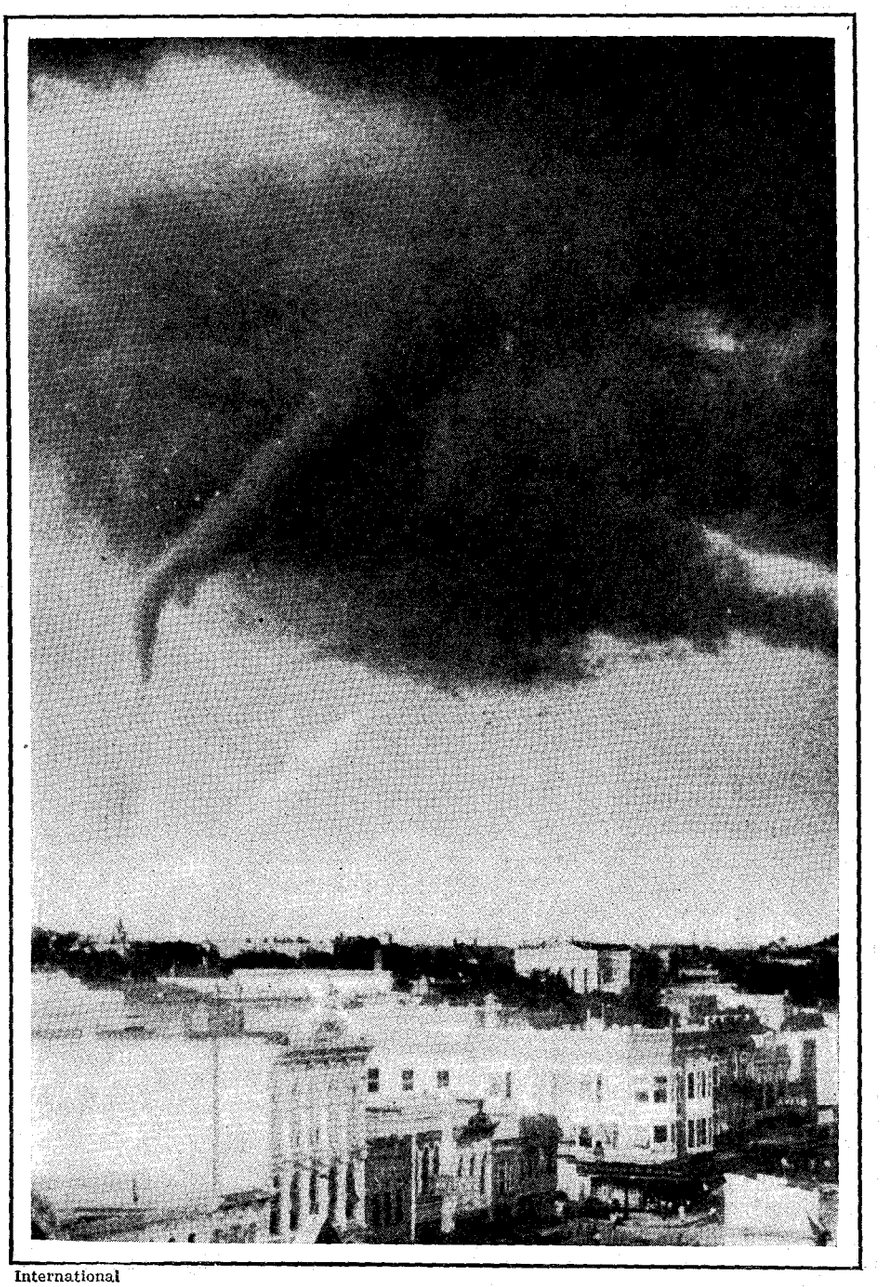
explosive effect accounts for many so-called tornado "freaks." If we add to these general conditions the further facts of the varying intensity of the tornado, the ascent and descent of its funnel cloud, and the fluctuating velocity of its winds, we no longer find it difficult to believe the many remarkable stories of the destruction wrought by these storms. Carts, barn doors, cattle, human beings, are carried through the air, whirled aloft, and dashed to the ground, or they may be dropped gently at considerable distances from the places where they were picked up. Beams are driven into the ground. Nails are forced head first into boards. Cornstalks are driven through doors. Harness is stripped from horses. Clothing is torn from human beings. In one place destruction may be complete. A few feet away the lightest object may be wholly undisturbed.

Property damage and loss of life due to tornadoes varies greatly from year to year, depending upon the "accidental" passage of these disturbances through well-populated or through sparsely settled districts. A group of over sixty tornadoes in the Southern States on February 19, 1884, resulted in the death of 800 people. In addition, 2,500 were wounded. In half an hour the St. Louis tornado of May 27, 1896, destroyed property to the amount of $10,000,000 in St. Louis alone. The loss of life in that disaster was 306.

The real home of the tornado is over the great lowlands east and west of the central and upper Mississippi and of the lower Missouri Valleys. Tornadoes are special and local developments in connection with severe thunderstorms during warm spells of late winter, spring, and early summer. In the large majority of cases they are born in a great flow of warm, damp southerly winds from the Gulf of Mexico which are blowing northward over the Mississippi lowlands toward a well-defined low-pressure area passing by on the north, a few hundred miles away. Under typical conditions, the western flank of these southerly winds is attacked by a great flow of strong colder and drier winds from the northwest. Between these two contrasted air movements lies what meteorologists call a "wind-shift line." This is inevitably a zone of great turbulence, the colder and heavier air underrunning and lifting up the warmer. Here are ideal conditions for breeding thunder-storms and, fortunately much less often, tornadoes. The central lowland of the United States is favorable for the development of these violent local storms because it is freely open to the warm winds from the Gulf of Mexico, as well as to the flow of great masses of colder air from the Northwestern plains and from Canada, and because, in addition, it is crossed by general storms whose pressure distribution is all too often just what is needed to bring these two contrasted air movements into juxtaposition.

The protection of human life in tornadoes is a very vital question over large areas in the United States. It is certain that no buildings, certainly none of any practical use, can be constructed which are sure to resist the full attack of a violent tornado, in spite of what builders and architects may urge to the contrary. Underground "dugouts" or "tornado cellars" have over and over again demonstrated their value in saving human life. But people cannot spend their lives underground. Fear of tornadoes is inevitable, especially after the recent terrible disaster in Illinois and the adjacent States, but unnecessary fear, harassing millions of people many days each year, is most regrettable. In spite of what has so recently happened, it should comfort those whose homes are in the "tornado belt" to know that Professor M. W. Harrington, formerly Chief of the Weather Bureau, wrote as follows: "Those who live in the region affected may calm themselves with the reflection that, taken altogether, there is not one chance in a million, though they lived one hundred years, that they will be injured by a tornado."

And the late Professor Cleveland Abbe, after a study of tornado statistics, concluded that even in the tornado States the probability of loss of life and property by tornadoes is less than that by fire and lightning.



International

The coming of the storm. A rare photograph of an advancing tornado

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The General Manager of the Universe[1]

By ROY E. WHITNEY

A plea to understand and work with "the policy of the house"

IN the past each man seems to have looked at religion so exclusively from his own standpoint that the religion of many a man includes only God and himself. Without irreverence, may we not attempt to see the universe and God's relation to it in a broad and inclusive way, much as the general manager of a business looks at the broad outlines of his problem? In fact, is God not the General Manager of a great business? Just as one manager "runs a newspaper" or another a factory, God's business is "running a universe."

When this idea is fitted to the various phases of life, it opens up wide possibilities. Assume for a moment that the task were given to us to choose and elect a manager to direct the universe. What are the essential qualifications we must seek and find in any great business manager worthy of "running" so great an enterprise as the business of the universe?

First, in view of the basic physical nature of the plant (the universe), the Manager of it must possess great technical information in such fields as mechanics, chemistry, and electricity. The mechanical technique of the gravity adjustments of so great bodies as the innumerable suns and the planets in their orbits is a field so vast that the technique of the manager of the intricate mechanisms of Lick Observatory is simple and rudimentary in comparison. The General Manager of the Universe must be a technician in mechanics.

Or let the technique in chemistry exhibited in the development of the world's atmosphere through the erosion of rocks and the development of plant life be compared with the processes of our boasted equipment for the manufacture of dyes or helium for dirigibles. All that the managers of our chemical establishments have developed in technical information is but "first year" chemistry in the laboratories of the General Manager of the Universe.

So also from Franklin's kite down to our latest studies into the phenomena of static in radio we are but inquiring into electrical activity long ago established and directed from the "front office" of the General Manager.

It seems obvious that a first quality of the General Manager of the Universe is technical information and skill in a wide variety of fields. In the second place, the manifold nature of the universe requires a Manager of exceptional capacity to systematize and place in reasonable order the very complex and intricate factors of his business. That the present Management of the universe has done so is appreciated if one merely studies at random phases of the world about him; for example, the systematic arrangement of color in the spectrum or the mathematical niceties of astronomy or electricity. It was no African chief in a jungle village who designed such order and system and accuracy. The orderly mathematical set-up of crystals in a snowflake or electrons in a sunbeam is the work of a Manager who is a master of reasonable order and systematic precision. It is the quality we look for in many managers that are called great; but in what one do we see it as completely developed as in the General Manager of the Universe?

A third essential in the Manager of so great an enterprise (unless it be wholly static, as obviously our universe is not) is inventive genius to meet each developing phase of the problem. The success of the management of even so small an enterprise as the Ford plants depends on inventive genius to develop the processes in each department. The inventive character of the General Manager of the Universe is more fully appreciated each day as we are trying our own hands at the inventive task in our small ways. Take, for example, the Manager's invention of sound detectors before Bell or Edison began to study the problem. It is well that we remember that neither of these men invented the sound wave or determined its rate of propagation through various densities. Nor did they invent the ear-drum or its mechanisms, some features of which they copied rather crudely in the telephone and the talking-machine. The General Manager had long before installed such devices in millions of his creatures. Even in the back leg of the grasshopper, where the hopper could best detect sound vibrations, the Manager had installed a wonderful miniature form of his sound detector.

Not alone in sound, but in a thousand and one technical fields, a careful study of the Manager's inventions is the basis of the inventive progress of the race. The invention of the wireless is simple compared with the optic nerve and its transmission of impulses to the brain. This third essential of management we find, then, supremely in the inventive genius of the Manager of the universe.

A fourth essential in any manager of so great an enterprise as our universe, with even one earth in it like ours with its millions and millions of human beings (not to mention its billions and billions of other creatures), must be great insight that penetrates and uses the various qualities of these creatures.

Who is the great master of biology with its branches, such as anatomy and medicine? It is not some famous professor or doctor who has spent his life's tiny span of threescore and ten studying these creatures. It is He who has supervised and directed their growth and evolution through manifold generations.

Who is the great psychologist, skilled not alone in the analysis of the ways of men, but more significantly skilled in directing and using individual reactions, crowd psychology, and mass movements among races?

Who is the great educator of men? It is well that we remember our Aristotles and our Horace Manns, but the great educator of our race has been the Manager, who assigns men their task of making a life and a living one day at a time. His methods of education have not yet been observed with the same scientific accuracy applied to observation of his methods of developing physical power. We shall do better in education when we study more of his methods.

Men in business and industry say it is one of the finest experiences of life to work for a manager who understands men and uses them with wisdom and skill. The greatest genius in handling men, whether you call him Lincoln or Gandhi or some other, is but a student of the ways of the General Manager of men.

But if these and other characteristics are true of the God we have chosen to call the General Manager, there is a corollary to be considered.

In business a management is known far beyond those who come into close contact with the person in the front office by the "policies of the house." These policies serve as a kind of extension of the personality of the manager. Why is

[1] See editorial comment.

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it, if you do business with the X Company on Wholesale Row, that damaged or doubtful goods are always cheerfully exchanged without question? The only answer is: "It is the policy of the house; the X Company always does that." If you deal with the Y Company, a different policy is in force. It is merely the policy of the Y house.

Why does water at sea-level freeze at 32° and boil at 212° every day of the year? Why not at 16° and 306°? No one can answer, but in the experience of men dealing with the Manager of the Universe it is simply one of the policies of this house on which they have found they can rely. Why do apples fall from trees toward the ground rather than toward the sky? Why was it that way for millenniums before Newton stated the formula of gravity? In some other universe it may not be so, but here we have learned that it is one of the long-standing policies of the Management.

There is no hope of success in any business except in line with the policies of the house. It is either get in line and work with the management or leave the house. There are some in this world of ours who think the Management has made it all wrong. They want the "must work to eat" policy changed to a policy of "all play and no work." They have also argued long that the policy should be "might makes right," and they deride Lincoln's reversal of their statement. If it were in their power to elect a new Management, the recent changes of policy in Russia would be a mild realignment compared with their revolution. Since they cannot change the Management, some of them try to ignore the policies of the house and others just play it isn't so. With many ingenious deceptions they breathe on the thermometer to make it seem as if spring had come. For a while it makes them feel less the sterner features of their climate.

In physics we have ceased to complain of policies such as gravity, expansion, and erosion. We have built our structures in line with the requirements of the house. In electricity we have wired our circuits according to the policies that work, and have found the ways of the Management dependable and useful.

In the personal field, however, we have just begun to study the policies of the General Manager and to seek success in line with them. What a wonderful task lies before the man of religion in seeking out the ways of God in these policies of the moral and religious phases of life! We used to think the man especially religious who went to sea in any old boat and prayed trustfully to God to bring him miraculously to shore. We now see more fellowship with God and co-operation with him in building a good ship in line with the policies of his house and putting out to sea in confident fellowship with him. Are we right in praying less that the Management be on our side, and humbly seeking by diligent study to get on his side through intelligent co-operation with his policies? Success for us—scientific, social, moral, or religious—lies in line with the policies of the Management.

And now, returning to the young people of our churches and their new formulations of the facts as they see them, shall we who are older say their formula is wrong because it was not so stated in "McGuffey's Reader" in our day? Our one concern is whether it fits the facts. They may find an old God under a new name, but if he is the God of the world as it is he is the true God.

The Coming Revolution in America

The Genesis of a Labor Problem

By THOMAS N. CARVER

Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University

THERE was once an old cattleman out in Wyoming who had gone there in an early day and grown up with the business. He knew his cowboys personally, called them by their first names, and never pretended to belong to a different social class, though he never left them in any doubt as to who was boss about the ranch. They sometimes called him by his first name, though among themselves, when he was not present, he was simply "the old man."

The cowboys were emphatic and sometimes picturesque in their declarations to the effect that they were not paid enough. The old man was equally emphatic and even more picturesque in his statements to the effect that they were paid more than they were worth. And yet there was, strictly speaking, no labor problem; at least there was none in the sense in which that expression is now generally used. To begin with, there was no social gap separating the employing class from the laboring class. In fact, there were no classes. Social classes are a frame of mind. No one spoke or thought in terms of class consciousness because there was no class consciousness, and since there was no class consciousness there were no classes.

There was no lack of sociability between "the old man" and his cowboys. These men all had a common interest, namely, cattle. This common interest bridged the gap between them as effectively as a common interest in religion, golf, whisky, or rheumatism does among other people.

AFTER many years "the old man" was gathered to his fathers and the ranch passed into the possession of the second generation. A gap began to appear between the laboring people—that is, the cowboys—and the absentee owners. The owners were less and less interested in cattle as such, but more and more interested in the things which the income from the ranch would purchase. The interest shifted from production to consumption. The ranch became to them more and more merely a source of income. It was no longer a treasure in itself. The treasures were found in various articles of consumption which they were now able to afford, and where the treasure was there the hearts were also.

Since there was no basis for mutual understanding, appreciation, and sympathy, the wage question began to breed a new kind of opposition. It was combined with a feeling of class distinction. Employers and employees lived in different worlds because their interests were centered in different things. Where this feeling of class distinction exists it is always possible to find an issue. There are dozens of sources of irritation, any one of which may start a quarrel. The question of wages makes a very convenient issue.

In this parable (for it is a parable) we find the real explanation of the existence of a labor problem which must always be distinguished from the wage question. There is never a labor problem except where there is a feeling of class distinc-

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tion. The feeling of class distinction grows up automatically wherever people with widely different interests are brought into contact. If one group of people who are peculiarly proud of the color of their skin are brought into contact with people whose skin is of another color, a feeling of class distinction will exist. If people who are vitally interested in one type of religion are brought into contact with people of another religion or of no religion at all, a feeling of class distinction will develop. If people who are inordinately proud of their culture are brought into contact with the uncultured, the same thing happens. When people whose chief interest in life is in the scale of their consumption or the lavishness with which they can entertain are brought into contact with people who have to live on another scale or who have to entertain less lavishly, we get the same result. The mere fact that one person is an employer and another an employee does not of itself produce the feeling of class distinction. A common interest in a common work unites, and does not divide people. So long as the employer is, as was this old cattleman, primarily interested in the work of raising cattle, his contact with his cowboys did not produce a feeling of class distinction.

We can scarcely realize at this time, after forty or more years of immigrant labor, with many strikes and acute labor disputes, and the development of a distinct class consciousness, the social conditions that once prevailed in some of the New England factories, even though wages were much lower than now. An excellent account is given in "A New England Girlhood," by Lucy Larcom,[1] regarding her own life as a factory girl in Lowell, Massachusetts. She says:

> The girls who toiled together at Lowell were clearing away a few weeds from the overgrown track of independent labor for other women. They practically said, by numbering themselves among factory girls, that in our country no real odium could be attached to any honest toil that any self-respecting woman might undertake.
>
> I regard it as one of the privileges of my youth that I was permitted to grow up among those active, interesting girls, whose lives were not mere echoes of other lives, but had principle and purpose distinctly their own. . . .
>
> Work, study, and worship were interblended in our life. The church was really the home-center to many, perhaps to most of us; and it was one of the mill regulations that everybody should go to church somewhere. There must have been an earnest group of ministers at Lowell, since nearly all the girls attended public worship from choice. . . .
>
> In recalling those years of my girlhood at Lowell, I often think that I knew then what real society is better perhaps than ever since. . . .
>
> We were allowed to have books in the cloth room. The absence of machinery permitted that privilege. Our superintendent, who was a man of culture and a Christian gentleman of the Puritan school, dignified and reserved, used often to stop at my desk in his daily round to see what I was reading. . . .
>
> We had occasional glimpses into his own well-ordered home-life, at social gatherings. His little daughter was in my infant Sabbath-school class. . . . She sometimes visited me at my work, and we had our frolics among the heaps of cloth, as if we were both children.

A later writer, George F. Kenngott,[2] at one time a minister of religion in Lowell, belonging to a generation that had known much of class-conscious, labor troubles, looking back on the past, writes:

> There are still those in Lowell who remember the "former days" and pine for their return—the happy days when life was homogeneous, and all were one in their loyalty to the new mill town on the Merrimack, when the Yankee girls worked leisurely thirteen hours a day in the mills and wrote poetry at night, when everybody went to church on Sunday, and worshiped God in a common tongue. It is a far cry, indeed, from the city of more than one hundred and six thousand, made up of fifty or more nationalities, with fifty per cent foreign-born and eighty per cent foreign parentage, to the days of "auld lang syne" when all knew each other, thought the same thoughts, spoke the same language, and worshiped in the same way.

The happy relationship of the past has been destroyed by several factors. In the first place, as Dr. Kenngott observes, the ownership has passed into the hands of a new generation of absentee owners. What is even more vital, they have adopted a false philosophy of life. They are more interested in the things that money will buy than in the work that is the source of the money. The larger wealth of the owners enables them to consume on a scale that is impossible to the laborers. This tends to separate them into social classes. To counteract this there is no longer a common interest in a common work to furnish a basis for a common social life with mutual respect and sympathy. This change of interest on the part of the employing class has been encouraged by foreign influences. One of the most common criticisms of American life by foreigners is directed at the propensity of Americans to work when it is no longer necessary. They wonder why we do not stop working and begin to "live," as they call it. They have, some of them, even felt called upon to act as missionaries to win us away from the work-bench philosophy of life and convert us to the pig-trough philosophy; that is, from that philosophy of life which finds the principal field for self-expression in production to that philosophy of life which finds its chief field for self-expression in elegant leisure, graceful consumption, and other forms of "conspicuous waste."

It is, unfortunately, still true that a great many people think that one cannot perform service unless he stops his regular work and begins to do something else. If a man is engaged in honest business, it is a service to the public to have that business conducted in the best possible manner, to have it expand and flourish. Generally, the man does more good when he sticks to that kind of business than when he stops and tries to do good in some other way.

Of course if a man is engaged in a dishonest business in which he is extracting money from other people without rendering a service or giving them anything that is of any use to them, he is not in any sense a servant. The sooner he quits, the better it is for everybody else. But if he is really giving people the equivalent of all the money he gets from them, he is their servant and is entitled to what he gets. In fact, he is entitled to what he gets only because he is their servant.

The spread through this country of the notion that the way to enjoy life, or even to perform service, is to stop one's regular work in which one has developed some expertness, and turn to something more elegant or leisurely, is one of the factors which tend to create a gap between those who have to work and those who are able to stop working and enjoy elegant leisure. Another factor that has tended to widen still further the gap is found in the fact that more and more, in the last generation or so, the wage-workers have been largely immigrants.

Why, it may be asked, do countries without immigrants have a labor problem? The answer is very clear and simple. These older countries have antiquated, aristocratic traditions which we

[1] Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1889.

[2] The Record of a City. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1912.

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did not have in this country until we began to import them from abroad.

Even to this day, the Englishman's idea of a solution of the labor problem, unless he be himself a laborer or some sort of a radical, is some device, plan, or policy that will keep the laboring classes satisfied with low wages. The ideal of all sound Americans, however, is that there is no solution of the labor problem until, first, wages are so high as to offer no ground for discontent or dissatisfaction among the wage-workers, and, second, there is no class consciousness or feeling of class distinction to be a cause of irritation; in short, when we shall no longer speak of the laboring "classes."

This is now in process of being achieved. Laborers are rapidly becoming capitalists as well as laborers; and to a gradually increasing degree capitalists are finding it difficult to hire all their work done and are compelled to do more and more of it themselves. In short, capitalists are becoming laborers as well as capitalists. This actual blending of the two so-called classes means that there will be no more classes in this country. Fraternity has never been very clearly defined, but this condition, when there is no class consciousness, comes as near being fraternity as we are ever likely to attain, if it be not fraternity itself.

In succeeding articles Dr. Carver will indicate the course that the revolution in America is taking

Mr. Five-Eyes Who Walks Upside Down

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

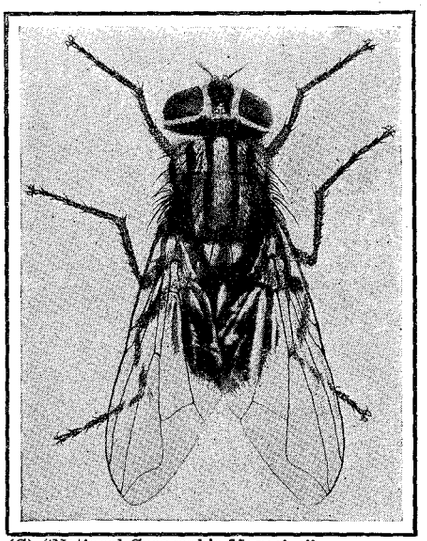
Uncle Toby to the contrary, the world has learned that it is not wide enough to hold both flies and men. Fly swatters, aux armes!

THE bluebottle fly makes quite a racket with its wings because they move so rapidly. Scientists, always hungering to isolate new facts against the possibility of some use being found for them, have tried to discover the number of the vibrations per second of the wings of the bluebottle fly. These vibrations come too fast to be counted, but they create a musical tone, as does the tuning-fork, the vibrations of which are known. The pitch of the tuning-fork, as of any other tone-producing mechanism, depends on the rapidity of its vibrations. The pitch of the tone of the wings of the bluebottle fly has been compared with the tuning-fork, and thus it has been found that they vibrate about three hundred times a second, which is going with considerable speed.

The bluebottle fly, however, is one of those few creatures in the insect world that can make a noise other than with its wings. In forcing the air in and out of the slits in its sides through which it breathes, despite the fact that it has no lungs, it can produce the well-known drone which everybody has heard.

The bluebottle fly is the scavenger, the buzzard, of the insect world. Its larvæ live in meat, devour it, cause it to decay, and get out of the way. Most flies are, in fact, scavengers. They and their young eat up unclean objects. In this way they do a certain amount of good in the world to pay in part for the havoc they work in carrying disease.

It has long been said that house-flies bite when it is about to rain, that with their assistance one could sit within his own home and do without official weather forecasts. Then there appears the modern scientist who shows that it would be physically impossible for the house-flies to bite with the sort of mouths they possess. They are suckers, and not biters. Their tongues are sponges, abundantly supplied with saliva for such purposes as dissolving sugar. Back of these tongues are suction pumps. They eat by dissolving their food and sucking it into their stomachs.



(C) "National Geographic Magazine"

Observe the two big eyes and the three little ones

Yet, despite this, flies bite ahead of a storm.

The riddle of this apparent contradiction was solved when it was shown that the stable fly, very like the house-fly in appearance, does the biting. The stable fly, it was also shown, goes into the house when it looks like rain. Once inside, it sets about biting human beings just as it bites the horses in the barn.

This fly, by its biting, has, upon occasion, helped make American history. There is, for instance, no date more outstanding in the calendar of the United States as an occasion of history making than July 4, 1776. It was on that day that the group of men which framed the Declaration of Independence, sitting there in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, was wrangling without end, as is the way of such groups, over some detail of the document. Though history does not say so, the naturalist is bound to conclude that it was a sultry day with a threat of approaching rain. It is set down that there were barns near by, and that innumerable flies came in by the open windows. These were unquestionably stable flies, which would not have been inside if a storm had not been in the offing. They pierced the silk-stockinged calves of the legs of the Fathers, bit them until they were exasperated beyond measure. Finally, one of the Fathers in desperation proposed that they sign the Declaration forthwith and escape these abominable flies. All agreed. So was the act of signing actually brought about through the agency of stable flies.

An insect, it might be set down in passing, is a six-legged animal. All insects have six legs. All animals with six legs are insects. No animal with any other number is an insect. The spider, for instance, having eight legs, is not an insect.

The fly is different from all other in-

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sects except those of its own order in that it has but two wings, where the others have none at all or have four. The scientists call this order *Diptera*, which in Greek means "two wings." There are many sorts of flies, all of which are distinguished by this peculiarity. The gnats which fill the air in the summer-time, for instance, are but tiny flies. The mosquito, the female of which species buzzes so disquietingly of a summer evening (the males never bite), belongs to the same order of "two wings," but its relationship is a bit more distant.

The house-fly lives wherever man does all around the world, yet is so familiar that nobody pays any attention to it; nobody even takes the trouble to find out how it is able to take its promenade up the slippery side of the most highly polished pane of glass or stroll with unconcern head down on the ceiling.

The fly, that it might accomplish these feats, the scientists explain, has spent many thousands of years in developing for itself a very specialized sort of foot. On each of these feet it has two pads, like the fleshy part of your hand. On each of these pads there are hundreds of tiny hollow hairs with openings in them much like those of the rubber spray brushes for the bath which you see in the drug-store window. Each foot of the fly is connected with a pot of glue, and when it feels itself in danger of slipping it squeezes a bulb and the glue comes just to the surface of these openings in its foot pads. It sticks them to the window-pane. The walking is a bit heavy, something like that of plodding through thick mud, but it is better than slipping to a fall.

A generation ago a popular query often propounded in the theaters and humorous journals was this, "Where do the flies go in winter?" Finding a serious answer to that question had much to do with the final triumph over the fly. Nearly all the flies, as a matter of fact, die in the winter. Only an occasional individual, hidden in some snug retreat, lives through. Flies are very scarce in the spring. It is only the rapidity with which they multiply that keeps the race alive. One surviving fly lays 120 eggs. They hatch in eight hours. In twenty days the 60 females among them are each laying 120 eggs. In another twenty days there are 3,600 females laying, which results in 216,000, which produce 12,960,000. Theoretically one April female might be the grandmother of six trillion September flies. Thus is the advantage shown of pursuing fly-killing campaigns in the spring.

The fly is peculiar in its arrangement for seeing. Its eyes are among the most highly developed of those of any of the insects. It has more of them than most. It can actually see as much as two and a half feet, which is better than most insects can do.

The fly has five eyes, two of which, known as compound eyes, are organs incomparably more complicated than are those of man. Each of these compound eyes of the fly has 4,000 separate lenses in it, all packed together and each pointing in a different direction. These two amber major eyes are very conspicuous in the fly. They occupy most of the front part of the head. If our eyes were as big in proportion to our size as these major eyes of the fly, they would stand out as great projections as large as a grapefruit.

Then there are the three shining simple skylight eyes of the fly, set in a neat triangle on the top of its head. These simple eyes are little more than windows to let in the light. Scientists are able to measure the focus of the lenses of insects' eyes just as they are able to measure the focus of the lens of a microscope. It is thus that they find out just how far insects can see.

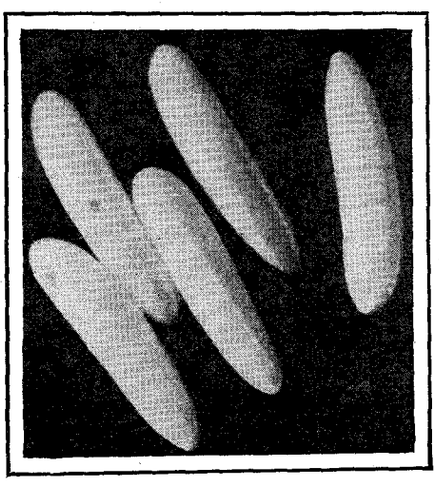
The excellence of the vision of the fly despite its short range is shown by its quickness in escaping if attempts are made to catch it. It is these compound eyes that do its watching. They have no lids and their surface requires no moistening, as does that of the eyes of more highly developed animals. The fly cannot close its eyes, and, further, they are stationary and it cannot turn them in one direction or another. It is because of this fact that many lenses are needed, each set at a different angle, so that the fly may see all around without the necessity of rolling its orbs or turning its head.

It is now coming to be understood that this house-fly, with the assistance of the members of its family that have gone before, has killed more men since time began than has any other creature. The human beings that have been slain by lions and tigers, killed by wild bulls, bitten by rattlesnakes, slaughtered by man himself in his wars, are but a handful as compared with the multitudes that have died because of the house-fly.

Its chief method of murder is in carrying disease germs from place to place and fastening them on people who otherwise would remain well. It is no uncommon thing for the fly that comes in by your kitchen window to bring with it from one million to six million bacteria that quickly multiply into billions.

How, you may well ask, can any one know that there are six million bacteria on a given house-fly?

The answer is that there is a method of counting them. A scientist may capture such a fly. He may put it into a quart milk bottle that is half full of water and shake thoroughly. Thus are the germs washed off the fly and distributed through the water. Then he may take a tiny particle of this water, perhaps a millionth part of it, and place it on a slide under a powerful microscope. He



One fly lays 120 of these eggs, which hatch in eight hours

This is a trap for catching fly larvæ. They hatch in the manure and fall through the cracks

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may count the bacteria in that particle. There may be six of them. He multiplies that six by the number of such particles in the bottle, a million.

The sanitary officers of the United States Army discovered during the Spanish-American War that it was the housefly that broadcast typhoid among the troops. By the time the World War came, so thorough had the understanding of the methods of combating the fly become that, with the further help of vaccine, that great conflict was fought almost without the appearance of typhoid.

Lynnette

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

LYNNETTE'S thin fingers dance like rain
Upon the trembling harpsichord,
And like a tinkling shower again
The fragile music chimes accord
With wistful hearts that pray to pain
As gentle martyrs seek their Lord.

Pale fingers dipping in the sway
Of troubled melody wherefrom
Hallucinations of a day
Unspoken delicately come,
Move slowly as you gently play
Our sweet archaic martyrdom.

Prohibition, the Law and the Facts

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

Another article in a series surveying the liquor situation in the critical area of the United States

IT was the common belief that the loss of the liquor revenue would kill the American hotel business. That has been proved false. The majority of hotels have turned their barrooms into soda fountains, and, though the bellboys may sell bootleg liquor to the travelers, most of the hotels do not themselves engage in that traffic. With the bar income cut off, better business methods have been adopted in running the hotel's main business—that is, the renting of rooms.

The hotel business, instead of being on the decline, is very booming. Recall all of the large hotels built in the last few years, and then take notice of those now proposed:

	Cost.
Congress, Chicago	$22,000,000
Savoy, New York City	17,000,000
Sherman, Chicago	7,000,000
Baker, Dallas, Texas	4,000,000
Nicolett, Minneapolis	3,500,000
Jefferson, St. Louis	3,500,000
Franklin, Philadelphia	6,000,000
Webster, Detroit	3,250,000
William Penn, Pittsburgh	6,000,000
Olympic, Seattle	2,000,000

and many others.

The open saloon and the hotel bars are almost things of the past. Many breweries have either been abandoned, turned into ice plants, or put to some other commercial use. There can hardly be as great a volume of liquor transported or consumed to-day, under existing conditions (bad as they are), as there was previous to 1920.

Great numbers of business men, as a matter of custom, formerly went to saloons for their noonday meal. While eating they would have a sociable drink. The man with only a dime or two would go to the bar for his beer and then partake of the free lunch. Not all of this has gone, but by far the greatest part of it has.

In great industrial centers the manufacturing plants were surrounded by saloons, and each one of them did a roaring business during the noon hours. Men also visited them before the whistle blew in the morning. Many times they made their breakfast on beer. After work, especially on pay days, the saloons were crowded to the doors. Now practically all of the open saloons have gone, and surely a small portion of the men who used to flock to the saloons can now do business with the "speak-easies" and "blind pigs." The men are now to be seen loitering about the street and in front of lunch-rooms during their noon period.

When one mingles in large crowds at Coney Island or at the ball games, one does not see anything like the number of people noticeably under the influence of liquor as of old. Nor does one notice the type of drunkard who goes on a spree lasting for four or five days at a time. The quality of liquor being what it is, one day's drunk is about enough to discourage any one.

Dry Hoboes

WHILE in Chicago I was taken through at least twenty cheap lodging-houses where the hoboes and the out-of-work buy the privilege of lying on the floor for ten cents a night. Ten years ago most of these men would be in various stages of drunkenness. Among the five or six hundred unfortunates that I viewed early this year on these Chicago floors I saw only three who appeared to have been drinking. More hoboes congregate in the Chicago downtown section just west of the river than in any other city in the United States. It is from here that the unemployed are shipped to the harvest fields of the Dakotas and to the industries of Michigan and Ohio. Prohibition has certainly left its mark upon this section. As before, the streets are congested with laboring men and tramps seeking employment, but with the absence of the open saloon one notices also the absence of intoxicated men in the streets. Formerly many men were in tatters and rags, badly in need of whole shoes, etc. Nowadays all of them seem sufficiently well clothed as not to be in real need.

Salvation Army leaders, who are in close touch with the poor, report that they do not have anywhere near the

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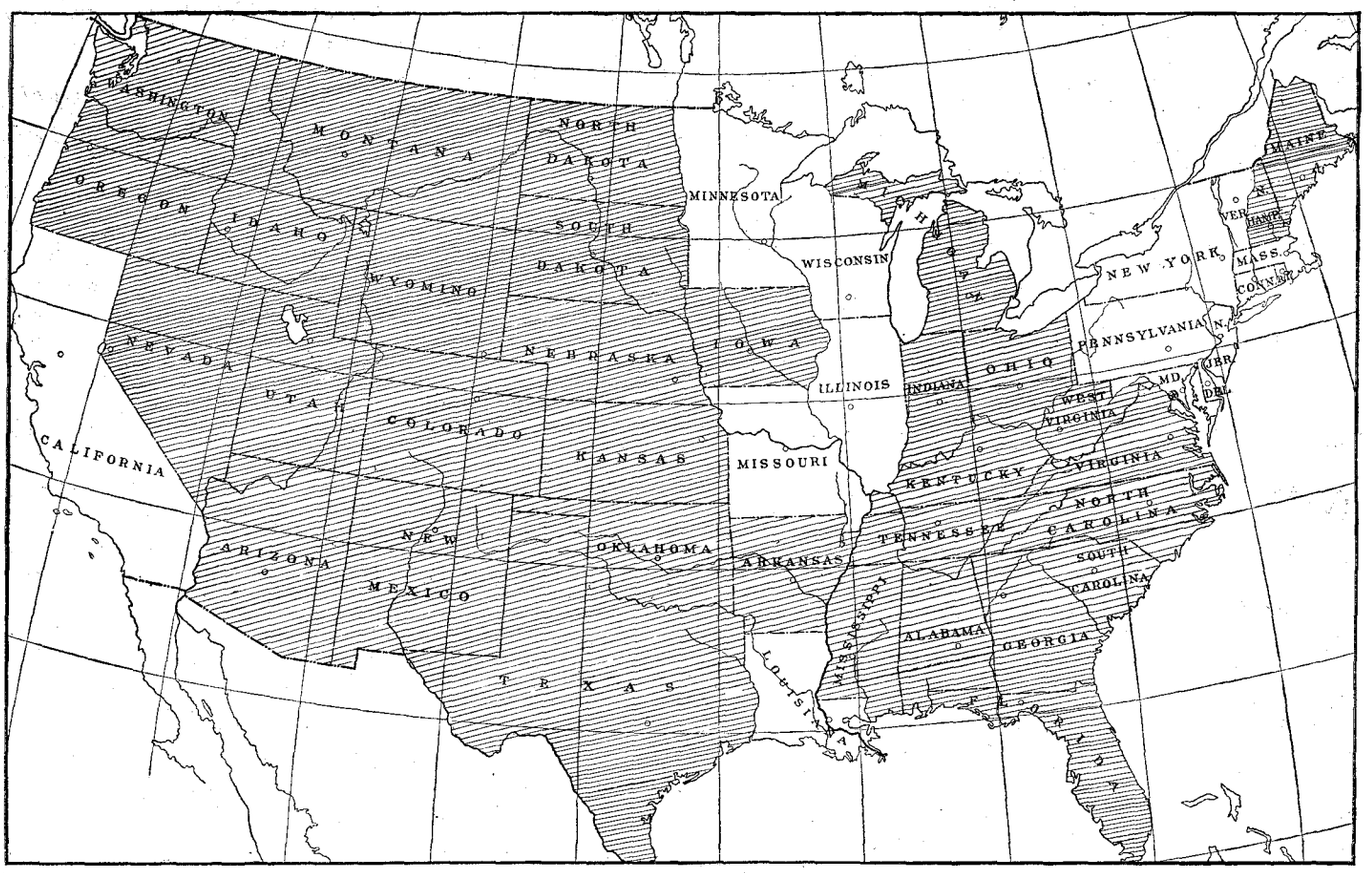

About eighty-seven per cent of the United States (the shaded area shown on the map) was dry before National prohibition came

number of drunks attending their meetings that they formerly had.

Ten years ago it was certainly not a novel thing to see a drunken man staggering up the street or reclining on a bank. To-day in the Middle West the sight of a drunkard is so rare that when there is one he usually attracts a crowd of onlookers.

The man who is in the throes of the liquor habit has even a smaller chance to get occupation now than he did formerly. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers make total abstinence, whether on or off duty, a condition of membership. Manual laborers of twenty years ago could consume a considerable quantity of booze and still do their work; but with the advent of electrical appliances and delicate mechanisms soberness became absolutely necessary to the worker's safety and to the well-being of the employer's machinery.

A growing portion of public opinion is frowning upon illegal drinking—more, I believe, than before prohibition—and the weight of this opinion is bound to have its effect. The influence of such organizations as the Committee of One Thousand is widespread. Kentucky Masons have recently decided that a man who obtains intoxicating liquors illegally cannot become a Mason.

The recent padlock activity in New York City which was instigated by United States Attorney Emory Buckner brought to light an interesting item concerning public opinion on the dry law.

Mr. Buckner said: "The Police Department alone during the past eight weeks has received 27,000 complaints of liquor violations. Many of these concern dumps, dens, rendezvous of crooks, as well as wide-open saloons and restaurants."

Twenty-seven thousand complaints in one city in eight weeks would seem to indicate that at least a considerable portion of the inhabitants of that city wanted to see effective enforcement.

The Menace of Drunken Drivers

With over fifteen million automobiles on our highways and with the popular knowledge of what havoc to life and property can be caused by an intoxicated driver, many are seeing the necessity of soberness for common social welfare, for the safety of one's fellow human beings.

The extent of public support of the prohibition idea can be gauged, I think, by the fact that in the last Presidential election neither Republican nor Democratic Party ventured to put a "wet" plank in its platform.

In telling the true story of prohibition to-day it has been necessary to tell of underhand dealings, "speak-easies," graft, and corruption. But none of these are new; they all existed in pre-prohibition days. The night closing rules for cafés were seldom observed; the police winked at the law violations and accepted free drinks in return. The following item from the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1912 shows that there was always illicit distilling:

"Illicit distilling and 'bootlegging' continue without sign of abatement. During the past fiscal year practically the same number of illicit plants were seized and destroyed as during the previous fiscal year. Two thousand four hundred and sixty-five were seized and captured during the year just closed, as against 2,488 the previous year."

We hear a great deal now about deaths from wood alcohol; but we should also remember that before prohibition wood alcohol was a very common cause of death.

"Speak-easies" existed before prohibition, though, of course, not in such great numbers. I recall an occasion in Port Chester, New York, a year or two before prohibition when I assisted in the investigation of a notorious resort which was selling liquor without a license and which was bringing girls across the Connecticut line in violation of the Mann Act. I was in the town on a Government espionage case, and found that at the boarding-house at which I stayed

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there was a fellow-boarder, an agent of the Department of Justice, stopping off there to get evidence on the above-mentioned "speak-easy." As was the custom of some Government officers, we spent a great deal of time together, helping each other at our respective tasks. In this way, I accompanied him several times to this place and witnessed a very similar sight to the sights which I found on this investigation. Violations have been accentuated, of course, but they always existed.

The End of a Rustic Carousal

MANY folks who live in country towns have seen great changes in their community wrought by prohibition. In a little village that I know well this change has come about. In the old days half of the male population sat on the front porch of the local inn, going inside at regular intervals for a drink and winding up in a singing noisy carousal. Farmers would stagger home six nights of every week. Women and children were afraid to pass the inn or to venture that way after dark. It is true that now the same inn sells liquor, but its clientele has changed for the most part to transients. The farmers walk the streets in perfect soberness. The women and children have forgotten their fears. Carousing is rarely, if ever, heard. All seems serene in the village. Certainly conditions are much better than they were.

Judge J. J. Britt, counsel for the Prohibition Unit, said in a recent address: "I live in a town of less than 50,000 people, Asheville, North Carolina. Before prohibition we had fifteen great saloons. The little city has in its center the old-time Southern town square. This is the scene of aggregation on public days. Prior to prohibition I have noted from thirty to forty drunken men on this square on a single Saturday; but within recent years I have witnessed equal crowds, on like occasions, and have seen not a single drunken man, or more than one or two at the most. Recently I passed through my State on Christmas day. With me on the train was a United States District Attorney. We remarked on the perfect sobriety and absence of liquor on the train. I told him of a day when, where we then were, the conductor had to stop the train in order to quell a row arising from drunkenness and to expel a number of passengers from the train. I then went from one end of the train to the other, a long train—four Pullmans, three day coaches, one set aside for colored people alone. It so happened that I knew some one in every car as I passed through, including the coach for the colored people. I did not see a drunken man nor any liquor at all, nor did I smell the odor of liquor upon the breath of any individual. In the old days there would have been scores of drunken men on board, and probably a number of fights."

Almost every one agrees that prohibition at its worst is better than the old licensed saloon system.

There is nothing new in the prohibition policy. It has been with us for a long time.

If one judges public opinion on the Eighteenth Amendment by the conversations he hears on the street, in the smoking-car, and at his club, he would come to the conclusion that people don't want prohibition. Of course it is true that multitudes do not want it, but one must guard against forming the conclusion that the majority of people don't want it. The balance of sentiment for prohibition was clearly shown in the recent Massachusetts referendum, when that "wet" State passed the so-called "Baby Volstead Act" for State enforcement.

Most of the people who are not in favor of prohibition will tell you that the law was "slipped over" on the country without submission to the people. But the Eighteenth Amendment was passed by the same democratic method that brought about every other amendment to the Constitution.

Was Prohibition "Slipped Over"?

IN fact, National prohibition was enacted only after thirty-three of the forty-eight States had passed prohibition legislation covering their own territory by the franchise of their own citizens. The thirty-three States were:

Kansas	Indiana
Maine	Michigan
North Dakota	Montana
Oklahoma	Nebraska
North Carolina	South Dakota
West Virginia	New Mexico
Arizona	Utah
Georgia	Tennessee
Iowa	Alabama
Colorado	Florida
Oregon	Nevada
Virginia	Texas
Washington	Wyoming
Idaho	Ohio
South Carolina	Kentucky
Mississippi	Arkansas

New Hampshire

Twenty-five of these States submitted the question to a referendum by the people. About eighty-seven per cent (*i. e.*, 2,835,367 square miles) of the entire territory of the United States was dry before National prohibition came.

The Beginning of the Drought

THERE have been prohibition States for fifty years or more. Maine led the way in 1846. Thousands of cities and towns have been dry by local option for decades. Liquor selling in army camps has been prohibited by Federal action since 1901, and prohibition in the Capitol building at Washington, D. C., was enacted in 1903. Transmission of liquor by mail was prohibited in 1908.

The first National proposal was made by the Hon. Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, in 1876. He reintroduced it in each succeeding Congress during his service in the House. On December 10, 1913, a committee of one thousand, organized by the Anti-Saloon League, and a similar committee organized by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union formally petitioned Congress to pass a prohibition amendment. Mr. Richard P. Hobson introduced the measure in the House and Mr. Morris Sheppard introduced it in the Senate on December 11, 1913. The House Judiciary Committee reported the measure back to the House of Representatives without recommendation, thus placing on the calendar of the National House of Representatives for the first time in the history of the Nation a resolution calling for the submission of a National prohibition amendment to the Legislatures of the several States. The first amendments proposed were voted down in the House by very evenly balanced votes. It was not until August 1, 1917, that the Senate adopted the resolution by a vote of 65 to 20. On December 17, 1917, the House approved it by a vote of 282 to 128. After submission to the States in 1919, they immediately began to ratify it through their Legislatures. Thirty-six States had ratified by January 20, 1919, and, according to the provision of the act, it went into effect one year from that date. All of the States but two, Connecticut and Rhode Island, have now ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Maryland and New York are the only States which have no State enforcement codes. Of course, New York had the Mullan-Gage Law, but repealed it in 1923. So National prohibition came about, not as a sudden act, but as a gradual evolution.

In my article of last week I said that we must not overlook the successes while pointing out the failures. The reverse of this is also true, so next week I shall continue to relate the findings of my investigations in New Jersey, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh.

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A Song in the Courts of the Medicine King

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

SUNSET was turning the broad dusty plains, the mud huts, the crumbling walls of an old Chinese city to a warm dull rose. With hundreds of others, we were taking our way home from the fair. The others were bound-footed women tottering jerkily on their stumpy toes, blue-clad carters snapping their whips over the heads of their donkeys, troops of children in their New Year's garb of crimson or flame with fierce little tiger caps to frighten devils away from their infant heads. Like all the rest, we carried from the fair our treasures—bright feather dusters, pictures gayly tinted on rice paper, Gate Gods and Kitchen Gods to paste on mud walls above the incense bowl, silk flowers and enamel trinkets, and little mud toys. The road was crowded with the gay stream of us.

Where the Medicine King's temple stood, a mile from the city gate, we turned aside and entered. At that evening hour most of the worshipers were turning home, but one man who entered with us through the tile-roofed gate to the temple court went up the path, prostrating himself after every four steps, probably in fulfillment of some solemn vow. The few people in the courtyard scarcely looked at him, though they made a little stir and bobbing at the sight of three "foreign devils" coming to kotow to the Medicine King.

Under his curly roof, the Medicine King awaited our homage—a savage being with a golden face and blue brows, cross-legged, under a canopy of faded crimson. The Taoist priests, with their topknots protruding through their stiff black head-dresses, were emptying the offerings of bean-curd and rice into a great bowl before his feet and beating the bronze gong which called his godlike attention to the devotion of his worshipers. In the tray of sand before him bundles of joss-sticks sent up their columns of purple smoke.

An old woman with a yearning, wrinkled face tottered to the shrine. She held extended her string of paper money to burn before the god and the joss-sticks that would be sweet to his savage nostrils. For the years were upon her, and little enough time remained in which to lay up works of merit. Moreover, she had under her heart a pain which did not yield to the rite of meeting the rising sun each day upon her knees. She had persisted through the heat of summer and the cold of winter for two years of dim gray dawns. The pain was still beneath her heart and her knees grew more feeble. So one must turn to the Medicine King at last. It was many weary miles from her village to the Medicine King's Temple, but, with pain and old age pressing and death always near, one must not think of the long yellow road. At the end of the way waits the Medicine King under his canopy of red, and above his head the golden characters say to all who can read them, "What you ask you shall obtain." A fair promise! And behind the god's bristling throne, as evidence of his power to fulfill the promise, is a screen with hundreds of prescriptions for all diseases that twist the body and sap the life of man. Let those who would acquire merit and receive what they would ask draw near.

With infinite pain, the old woman went on her knees. Her withered forehead touched the floor. The silver flowers on her head-band clinked on the stones. The priest, with his grimy face and little pig-like eyes, watched dully. It was not for him to pity or help. He was the servant of the Medicine King. But he beat dutifully on the gong to call the attention of his lord, and inquired of the worshiper in a droning voice, "What do you require?"

"A medicine."

"For a person of what age is it required."

"For a person of eighty *sua*."

He puts into her hands the quiver of medicine sticks. Raising herself on her weary knees, she shakes it painstakingly. The sticks shift with a rhythmical rattle against their case and one or two begin to protrude beyond the others. One must be careful now. Two sticks are so far out of the sheaf that in a moment one will fall to the floor. Shake slowly now, that it may be the one that the god's will designs to send relief to old age and suffering. Another shake! The stick tipples out and falls upon the stones. Indifferently, the priest picks it up and reads the character scratched on the tip. Then from the screen he selects the prescription marked with the corresponding character. He places it in her fluttering hands—the Medicine King's infallible cure. She has the strength of hope. She crawls to her feet and turns away. She is so old and reverent that a group of women pressing behind her give way with little bows and let her pass out into the courtyard again. May she be blessed with what the gods have given!

As we watched her totter across the court we heard a sudden burst of song. A shrill chorus rose just outside the doorway. Clear young voices were chanting some song of praise. The priest did not turn from the incense nor the old woman lift her head to listen, and yet to us standing on the Medicine King's threshold that song came with a startling familiarity. We knew it for our own among those sights and sounds and smells of another civilization.

We stepped out of the shadow of the doorway into the gathering twilight. There, just outside, leaning against the adobe wall of the temple, stood five little girls—narrow-eyed little girls with Chinese caps and bright flowers from the fair and padded coats and trousers. The smallest was only four, I think, and the tallest, an olive-cheeked child with sloe eyes in a face of mischief, must have been twelve. The five of them made a little stair-step row like a line of organ pipes. And all of them with open mouths were chanting the weirdly familiar tune. The words were Chinese, but the rhythm and air were of our world. Suddenly we recognized it beyond shadow of doubt. It was "Jesus Loves Me."

They had learned it, probably, in a mission school, and there was no impropriety in singing it to the Medicine King. It was not a carol of defiance, but a glad pæan of a day well spent at the fair and ended by lingering near the mysteries of a famous shrine. The dull-eyed priest went on with his rites, unaware of any challenging incongruity. The old woman paused in the gateway and turned back to make a last obeisance to the golden-visaged god who granted the prayers of the old. If her eyes rested wistfully on the children standing against the wall, it was only because they had no pains beneath their hearts, or perhaps because none of them, even the oldest, had feet that were bound. Of the significance of their happy proclamation to the Medicine King she was as unaware as they.

But we, as twilight deepened in the grim god's court, were conscious of a strange mingling of worlds, a tangle of memories and prophecies. Above us the old mud monarch glowered impotently through his columns of incense, with the fair promise gleaming above his head. Without the shrill voices of children proclaimed with jubilant strength a song, mysterious to them as that legend in characters of gold, but marvelously gay, "Jesus—Jesus loves me."

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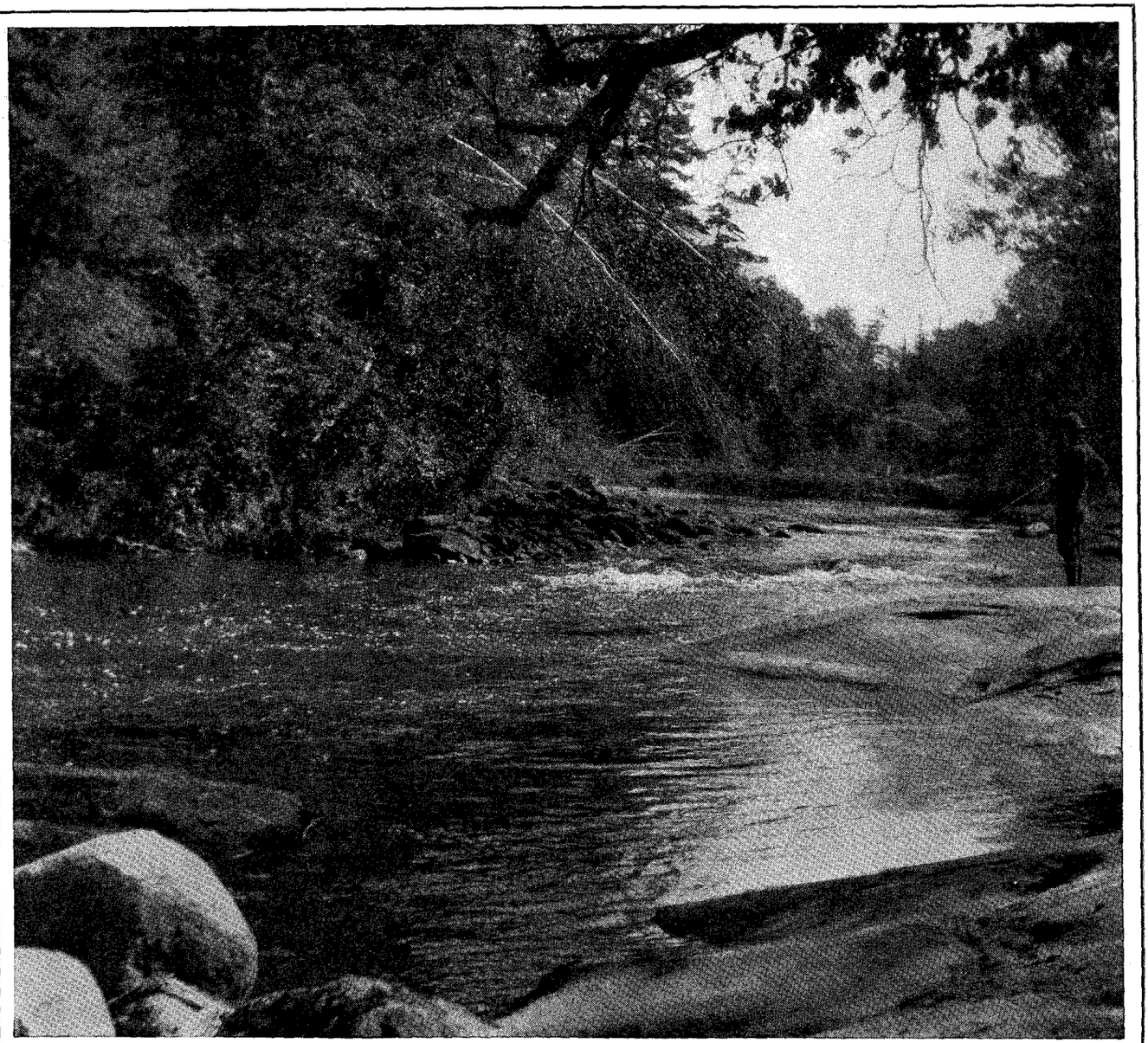

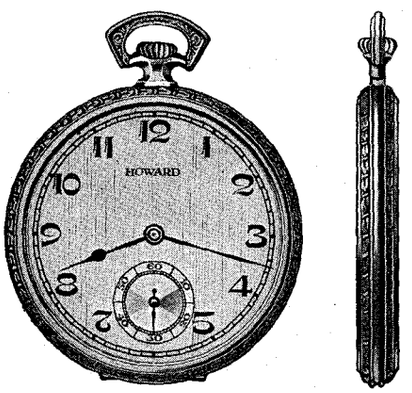

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

A New Life of Lincoln

Reviewed by W. J. GHENT

DR. BARTON in "The Life of Abraham Lincoln"[1] presents many new and important facts, corrects many long-standing errors, and gives a new estimate of the man and his work from a perspective of the sixty years that have passed since his death. No one is better fitted for the task. He grew up in the Illinois Lincoln country; he spent several years as a teacher and a circuit-riding preacher in the Kentucky Lincoln country; and he has spent other years in a persistent ransacking of Lincoln records. No one has sought out so diligently the people who could add anything to what is already known, and no one who has labored in this field has greater concern for the accuracy of a date or the exact identification of a locality.

The work is in no sense a duplication of his previous works, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln" and "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln." To an extent he has drawn upon both; but in the main he has used them only as a basis for a new marshaling of facts, a new study of Lincoln's career, and a new portraiture of Lincoln's personality. We have here a more exact genealogy of the Lincolns, a determination of the time and probable place of the killing of Captain Abraham Lincoln, the President's grandfather, and even the probable location of his grave. We are now able to certify Bathsheba Herring as his only wife and to dismiss Mary Shipley to the realm of fiction. Also we now know much more about the Hankses, and in particular we have a fairly complete account of the President's other grandmother, Lucy of that ilk. The author expresses regret that the subject of Lucy and her waywardness was not left as Nicolay and Hay stated it. But the inrush of romantic genealogists, determined to provide the President with an unsullied pedigree, had piled up a mass of fiction which impelled him to search out and print the facts.

Dr. Barton is the first Lincoln biographer to light upon a Kentucky region thickly populated with Sparrows. Heretofore, most inexplicably, the Sparrows have been overlooked. They are not, in the main, readers of books, and the controversy regarding the Lincolns and the Hankses has hardly penetrated their remote locality. But they know themselves to be the descendants of Henry and Lucy Hanks Sparrow and the relatives of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and of her illustrious son. They know Nancy Hanks rather as Nancy Sparrow, the name by which she was generally known (at least after her thirteenth year) until her marriage with Thomas Lincoln, and they have no trace of any scandalous tradition about their common ancestress Lucy. For Lucy, as the records show, lived a most exemplary life after she married Henry Sparrow. From the Sparrow traditions and records the author has been able to add much to our knowledge of the Lincoln kinship and early environment.

Most of what is new and informing in the work relates to the earlier periods. As for the later periods, the ground has already been searched so repeatedly that it can hardly be supposed there is much left to discover. Yet even here a new and important document is brought in. It is the diary of Senator Orville H. Browning, soon to appear in print—a diary which is especially valuable for the light it throws on the years of Lincoln's Presidency. It gives us a new sense of the pall of despondency that settled upon the North after the battle of Fredericksburg, when everything seemed lost, and when even the Senate turned violently against the President. Also it gives us an added sense of the inflexible stoutheartedness of the President, who refused to yield to clamor and intrigue and false counsel, but held his way until even his enemies conceded that he knew best what to do and what not to do.

For the rest there is a new handling of what hundreds of writers and speakers have dealt with before—a new presentation of Lincoln, with an eye always to the weaving of a record of his mental and spiritual evolution from farmer boy to savior of his country. What is best in all this is the reinsistence on the many-sidedness of Lincoln, the complexity of a nature which must always be more or less of a mystery to the honest inquirer. Too many men have "known all about Lincoln." "I read with genuine admiration, if not with approval," writes Dr.

[1] The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. 2 vols. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $10.

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Barton, "the books by men to whom the mind and soul of Abraham Lincoln are not merely an open book, but a tablet so written that he who runs may read." The real Lincoln is not so to be interpreted. His first biographer, J. G. Holland, talked with "multitudes of men" who had been acquainted with him; but so variously did he appear to them that no two of them could agree upon an estimate of his character. Herndon, who ought to have known him best, admitted that he did not know him well, and similar admissions were made by David Davis and Orville H. Browning. "He was a man of many moods and many sides," wrote Herndon. "He never revealed himself entirely to any one man." His character was a synthesis of many contradictions.

A whole chapter is given to a collection of Lincoln's stories, and others find place in various parts of the work. Here the rigorous examination applied to genealogical data gives way to an easy hospitality. Too many are admitted, and some of them on too slight credentials. All would have looked better by being ticketed as to their authenticity. One at least among them can readily be shown to be a false intruder. The story of Lincoln's asking for the name of Grant's favorite brand of whisky so that he could send a barrel to each of his other generals is quite in the Lincoln vein, though apparently based upon George II's reply to Pitt's charge that General Wolfe was mad. "Then I wish he'd bite some of my other generals," was the royal comment. But, though Lincoln knew the Georgian repartee, he was not the author of the reply regarding Grant. "Lincoln disclaimed this story in my hearing," says David Homer Bates in his "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" (page 197), and his statement ought to settle the matter.

There are slips here and there—an erroneous date, a wrong name, a repeated statement not quite tallying with its forerunner. Some of them are trivial, some are of that obtrusive sort which leave the reader puzzled, and one at least—that which represents the attacking force on the Union right center at Gettysburg on the last day as one of only forty-eight hundred men—is an egregious blunder. But these defects, easily amendable in a second edition, detract but little from the merit of a work well worth doing and destined perhaps to remain for many years as the standard life of the martyred President.

The New Books

FICTION

SOUTH WIND. By Norman Douglas. The Modern Library. Boni & Liveright, New York. 95c.

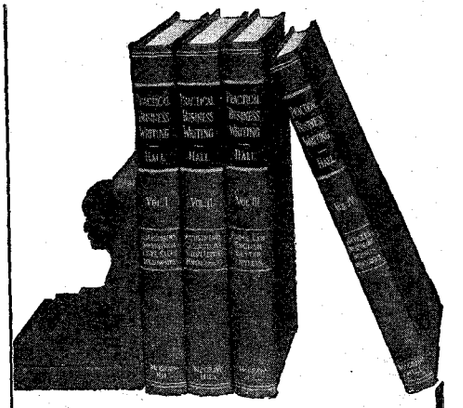
Another volume in the convenient Modern Library series. This is a reprint of "South Wind" (first published in 1915), that curious, highly amusing, and inconsequential novel, which so grave a critic as Professor Saintsbury has praised highly. It has many delightful pages; it has had many delighted readers; some find it disconnected and a trifle tedious. The author writes an interesting preface to this edition, telling his sources for some of the scenes and characters. But we wish he had told how he chanced upon the names of two of them: Mr. Eames, the bibliographer, and Miss Wilberforce, the hedonist, thereby introducing in these two names the name of America's most honored bibliographer.

THE LORING MYSTERY. By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

In his latest novel Mr. Jeffery Farnol is far from being at his best. With beaux and belles, ruffles and rapiers, duels and abductions, for his material he can usually set a stage alluringly and pull his puppets into posing, preening, and prancing in fairly lifelike fashion. To be sure, the eccentric characters he often adds to the company do not seem to all readers as humorous as their author supposes them to be—in fact, they are sometimes downright tiresome, though never so much so as in the present tale. In "The Loring Mystery," the period of which is early nineteenth century, Mr. Farnol has attempted to combine a detective story with a romance of his usual type. The result is not happy. Detective Shrig's more or less comic conversation, with its missing h's and transposed w's and v's, has a grotesque suggestion of Sam Weller, minus all that makes the one and only Samivel immortal. But he is an efficient detective in his own fashion, and finally reduces his list of suspects of the murder to the "vun and honly" right one.

A VOICE FROM THE DARK. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is one of those rare writers of good serious fiction dependent upon normal incident and the depiction and development of character who can turn his hand successfully to a novel of plot, of mystery, of crime and its detection. He has of late years written several such novels, and there are few indeed of those who specialize in that kind of fiction whom he has not beaten at their own game. His mystery



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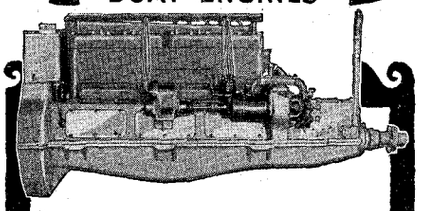

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381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

stories are impeccable in construction, ingenious but always reasonable in solution, consistently absorbing, often really thrilling; in short, they possess the prime virtues of their type, and, in addition, qualities far more rarely found in it, at least in any such degree—qualities of psychological understanding, of interpretation of character and motive, together with an admirable force, fineness, and spirit in the narrative style. In the present story, "A Voice From the Dark," he employs the apparently supernatural to hair-stirring but perfectly legitimate effect. There had better be two or three clear hours ahead when you sit down to the first chapter.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

A YEAR OF PROPHESYING: By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Wells gives us a year's journalistic product: 55 articles covering the period September 9, 1923, to September 9, 1924. To paraphrase Mr. Wells's own language a little, his main theme is the coming, which he confidently vaticinates, of a world confederation (something quite different from the League, which he execrates) and the world civilization it will make possible. He diverges to other topics, but that is his main theme: "the realization of civilization." He considers scientific progress, educational and social work, political happenings and the general trend of current events, but almost always in direct relation to that new age which, in his vision, lies before mankind. He writes about the signs of the times and typical men or women just as they seem to be making or marring these creative hopes. This *leit-motif* gives a unity to the book and lifts it far above ephemeral journalism.

Though terribly dissatisfied with the present sorry scheme of human institutions, Mr. Wells would not shatter it to bits, but he would modify it gradually to conform to his heart's desire.

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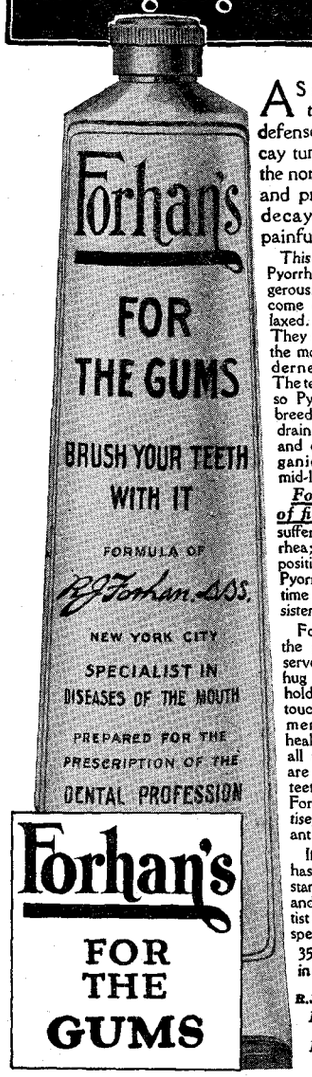
Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble



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etc. Most of us will agree with Mr. Wells as to the desirability, if not the practicability, of his educational programme; but no doubt each of us will have his own Utopia which a properly educated world should accept.

Whether or not it be true, as Anatole France said, that Mr. Wells is "the greatest intellectual force in the English-speaking world," it is scarce to be questioned that he is intellectually the most alert of living writers in English. He touches nothing that he does not make interesting. Now and then in these articles he descends to querulousness, but his criticism is for the most part in the large manner.

It is fortunate that this Prince of Journalists should be absolutely fearless. He is not afraid of examining nor of declaring his full mind on any problem; birth-control, for example. There are many pages in this book of withering satire or irony, as in the article on Fascism and that on "The Case of Unanumo." By contrast, there is one passage of singular beauty about an airplane flight over Slovakia. There are, to be sure, things to condemn; but these are unimportant in comparison with the many more to praise.

THROUGH THIRTY YEARS, 1892–1922. By Henry Wickham Steed. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $5.

"This book," says the author, "is a story of international public life in the past thirty years. Its form is that of a personal narrative; yet it is not solely, or even chiefly, autobiographical. Its justification is that, as far as I am aware, no other writer or journalist enjoyed during that period quite the same opportunities as those which good fortune gave me to observe things in and beyond Europe."

Certainly Mr. Steed does not obtrude himself; he yields precedence to other figures and to the events in which he participated or of which he has authentic or intimate knowledge. He has produced a book of fascinating interest and of quite peculiar importance. The whole narrative is important, but the peculiar importance attaches to the parts dealing with Austria-Hungary, and derives from the fact that, excepting a few natives of what was the Austro-Hungarian Empire (and also, perhaps, a few Germans), Mr. Steed's knowledge of developments in Austria-Hungary from 1902 to 1913 is more intimate and thorough than that possessed by any other man.

The narrative begins with young Steed's matriculation at Jena. After two years of student life at Jena and Berlin and three at Paris, in 1896 Mr. Steed became Berlin correspondent of the

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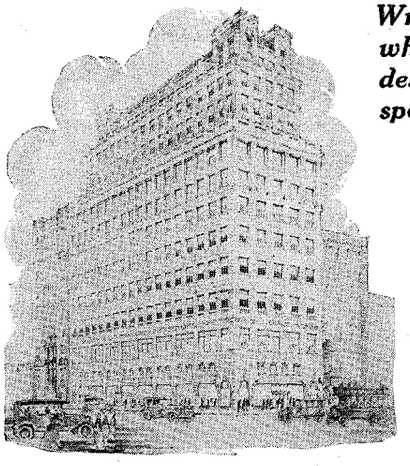

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London "Times," and thence until 1922 he was continuously associated with the "Times:" Rome correspondent 1897–1902, Vienna correspondent 1902–13, foreign editor 1914–19, editor 1919–22.

His contribution to the Allied victory was a great one. No small part of the immense influence of the "Times" during the war was due to Mr. Steed, whose will to victory never wavered. He was the first to see and to urge, and he was tireless in urging, the necessity of winning the war, and still more of winning the peace, of smashing up the Austro-Hungarian Empire and of liberating the Slav elements thereof. There is something of the splendid and the heroic in his ceaseless efforts to bring around the British and French Governments to that way of thinking. He at last succeeded, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and the Republic of Czechoslovakia are as much beholden to him as we to Lafayette.

But even if the matter which gives these volumes their peculiar importance were eliminated, they would still be important. For there is great variety. Mr. Steed met or saw most of the bigwigs of Europe in the period 1892–1922; with many he was intimate. He has no mean gift of portraiture, and Bismarck, Clemenceau, King Edward, Sonnino, Masaryk, Northcliffe, the General of the Jesuits, Visconti Venosta, and others live in these pages.

Mr. Steed was splendidly equipped by nature and education for his profession; he evidently deserved his elevation to the journalistic pinnacle. He has that quality of synthetic imagination which he finds in Lloyd George. A proof of that quality is to be seen in his remarkable "Programme for Peace," contributed to the "Edinburgh Review" in April, 1916, the gist of which is reprinted in this book.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

HUNTING AND ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC. By Fridtjof Nansen. Duffield & Co., New York. $4.

It will undoubtedly come as a surprise to many readers to learn that Fridtjof Nansen is still alive. With Peary and Shackleton dead several years and Stefansson now completely filling the public eye, Nansen has for the present generation retired far into the background, and "Farthest North" seems much older than its twenty-eight years. The explorer has become one of the "older generation" writing of bygone days, as he says himself. This book is the story of Nansen, as a youth of twenty, on his first voyage to the Arctic in the sealer "Viking," to study the animal life and physical features of that

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ocean. He hunted the bladdernose seal, had thrilling adventures with polar bears, and preserved all his experiences in the many woodcuts which lend life to his pages.

By the Way

OUR famed contemporary "Time" has this to say of the appearance of Governor Pinchot in the inaugural parade:

> Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania rode first, astride a great horse, in swallow tails and black felt hat which he swept off, bowing as he passed.

We rise to inquire whether or not the Governor's coat-tails were detachable, or whether he carried with him a small whisk broom.

Van Gogh and Gauguin, both famous painters of the advanced school, were wont to practice the strictest economy at one period of their lives, their biographers tell us. Van Gogh prided himself on having found a carpenter who made very decent frames for three francs each. When told of this, Gauguin laughed. He never bought frames at all, he said, but simply nailed narrow laths onto his stretchers and then painted them white. Gilt frames, he declared, were meant only for the bourgeois, and his very fine white frames did not cost three francs, but three sous!

From "Life:"

Southerner (to guest)—"I have given you, sah, the guest chamber overlooking where the mint bed used to be!"

Dr. William Osler's prescription for success in doing the daily job will appeal to many harassed souls:

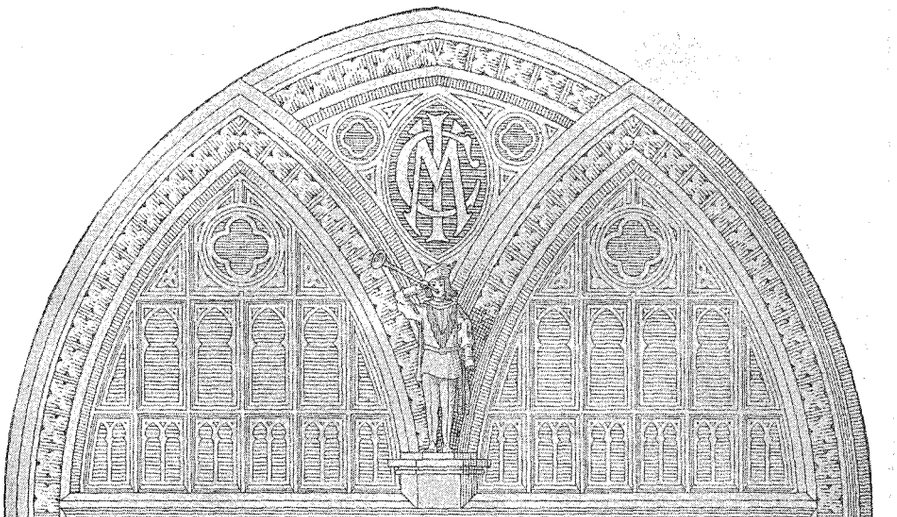
"Banish the future, live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, or the end to be attained, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day."

There doesn't seem to be much reason for publishing the answer to our last puzzle rhyme, since nearly everybody, judging from the letters which have come in, was able to guess it. But here it is, anyway:

Vile, evil, veil, Levi, live.

A few readers confessed they had seen it before; one reader embarrassed us by writing that it had been put to him in the year 1876. Perhaps this conundrum hasn't so many whiskers:

What is that which is better than God yet worse than the devil; which the dead eat, whereas if the living eat it they die?



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THE OUTLOOK

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Music at Command

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

This is the second survey of current music available for those who possess phonographs and player-pianos

Phonograph Records

SYMPHONY NO. 1, IN C MINOR, Opus 68 (Brahms). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

It seems as if the phonograph had suddenly grown dependent on England for its best recordings of musical literature. At least we are confronted with several important "sets" of records which are more ambitious than anything in the month's offerings done on this side of the Atlantic. To hear such music from another continent is both interesting and gratifying. It is hoped nevertheless that the eclipse is but temporary; for it is only right to expect that the fine things already produced by American musical organizations may lead to even finer ones in the near future.

Felix Weingartner conducts Brahms—Brahms at his greatest—and the result is a worthy achievement. Whenever we hear the Brahms First Symphony, it impresses us as being the most epic and stirring of all symphonies. Large effects here that seem hardly possible to coop up in a phonograph. And yet the record has, for the most part, caught them faithfully—vitality of rhythms, delicate *pianissimo* effects in the second movement, dramatic plucked-string passages full of suspense, the Alpine-like horn theme in the last movement, music ever restless, ever moving forward. Weingartner gives a clear and understanding reading of the score, in which there is emotion, but emotion always restrained. There is good balance between the instruments. The string tone comes out brilliantly.

AVE MARIA (Vittoria); **O SALUTARIS HOSTIA** (Perosi). Sung by the Sistine Chapel Choir. Victor.

Profoundly stirring religious music, full of restrained eloquence. One of its most impressive features is the volume of sound and the effective swelling and dying away of the voices. If church music can be thrilling—and it can—this is assuredly so.

SYMPHONY IN D MINOR (Franck). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

Here also is an excellent recording. In the Franck Symphony there is nobility, strength, and, above everything else, beauty. To all this the orchestra is unusually sensitive. At times the strings seem to whisper—softly, almost breathlessly. At other times there are spirited passages, full of warmth and feeling. The inner parts are brought out clearly. For mechanical recording, too, a word should be said. It was pleasing to notice that care was taken to end each record at a place that would least spoil the continuity of the music.

PÉTROUCHKA—Ballet Music (Stravinsky). Played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

As we understand it, "Pétrouchka" has been released for New York consumption alone—in connection with its recent performance at the Metropolitan. Perhaps this is wise. It is twice as long as "The Fire Bird" (commented upon March 18), and has not "The Fire Bird's" sustained interest. Yet there is much in it of high musical value. Primarily ballet music—no one can deny that. But, merely as pure music, it is still stimulating. Scattered through it are bits of iridescent harmony, new and refreshing fragments of orchestration. If nothing more, a fascinating scrap-book of musical material.

THE MIKADO (Gilbert-Sullivan). Recorded in Europe under the direction of Rupert D'Oyly Carte. In twenty-two parts, on eleven records. Victor.

Each individual record would deserve no special comment standing alone; well done, but not remarkably well done. The important fact is that a complete musical score of this delightful Sullivan operetta has been recorded and issued. For a light opera company, the voices are good; the men's voices seem on the whole better than the women's.

DER FREISCHÜTZ OVERTURE (Weber). Played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henri Verbrugghen. Brunswick.

It is not hard to think of an overture or two we should rather hear than "Der Freischütz." Tuneful and polished, it has a secure place in musical literature, but is not of itself a big conception. However, as played by the Minneapolis Orchestra it is a creditable record. It cannot be denied that there are orchestras outside the provincial realm of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia that are worth hearing.

FEUX D'ARTIFICE (Debussy); **VALSE PETITE** (Carreño). Played by Elly Ney. Brunswick.

The piano, usually so hard to record on the phonograph, is unusually clear in these two little pieces. "Fireworks" is an impetuous, erratic composition that affords the performer a chance to show technical skill as well as a fiery interpre-

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tation. The "Valse Petite" is no more than the name signifies.

Piano Rolls

PRELUDES: Op. 28, No. 21, B Flat; No. 18, F Minor; No. 19, E Flat (Chopin). Played by Mieczyslaw Münz. Ampico.

Mr. Münz is probably best known to most people as the man who, the night Ethel Leginska disappeared, stepped into her place and played a programme at Carnegie Hall. That should not count against him. He is also an excellent musician. In these Chopin recordings there is a breadth of feeling—a feeling for climax. It is a more masculine Chopin than one usually hears. The choice of preludes, too, is commendable. While not the hackneyed ones heard every day, they are among the best.

THE MARIONETTE SHOW, Op. 20, No. 4; THE HURDY-GURDY MAN, Op. 18, No. 3 (Goossens). Played by Guy Bevier Williams. Ampico.

Two "characteristic" pieces—both amusing, light, and cheerful. The second is stark realism. The hurdy-gurdy itself, with a slight off-the-key effect, grinds out its tune. But, curiously enough, even this is quite charming, as Goossens always manages to be.

SONATA—First Movement (Stravinsky). Played by Igor Stravinsky. Duo-Art.

Another Stravinsky, and this time coldly, severely classical. The movement sounds almost like a Bach fugue. A winding, running bass goes through it like a footpath through a forest. Yet, in spite of its classical feeling, there is a touch in it of the bizarre. The closing chords are really delightful. The whole movement is played softly and delicately.

LA FLEURIE, OU LA TENDRE NANETTE; LA BAVOLET FLOTTANT (Couperin-Chiapusso). Played by Jan Chiapusso. Ampico.

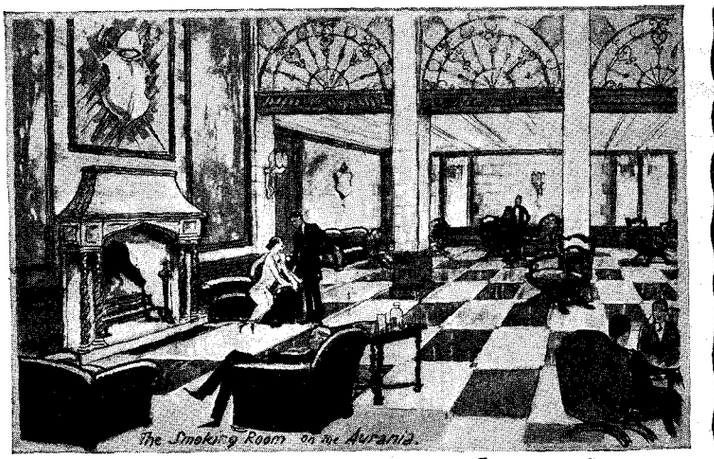
Two hundred years ago these harpsichord airs were new. They still have freshness. Graceful and dainty, Chiapusso brings back the spirit of the harpsichord into his piano arrangements of them.

WITCHES' DANCE, Op. 17, No. 2 (MacDowell). Played by Guiomar Novaes. Duo-Art.

This performance of Mlle. Novaes is well-nigh flawless. She has taken a brilliant piece, requiring technical skill, and has run through it with ease and lightning rapidity. The "Witches' Dance" is nothing but a light *salon* piece, but it is a very effective one.

ROMANCE, Opus 5 (Tchaikowsky). Played by Ignaz Friedman. Duo-Art.

The younger Tchaikowsky in his best Chopin mood. It is not the composer at his greatest, but it is full of beauty. There are also heavy, crashing passages in which the performer seems to be actually present, so vivid is the recording.



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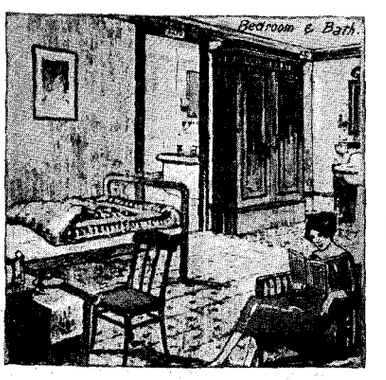

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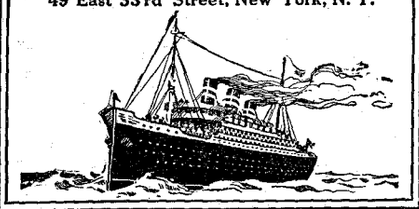

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The Birth of Philosophy

By Bill Adams

WHAT abominable stuff philosophy is! The very word is vile. Don't you detest the words with "ph" and "oso" in them? They call to mind old fellows in caps and gowns, with switches in their hands. Joggraphy was always my strong point at school (and eating animal crackers when the form master was looking the other way).

It was Joe Straley started me off on this dissertation. I wrote three whole pages about it, and tore it up because it sounded so philosophical. Vile word—reminds me of being kept in to learn a page of Greek by heart. I never learned Greek, but Latin's just as bad. Confound the classics! Whaling in the Arctic and riding elephants in Nepal is the stuff for me.

Joe Straley is a pal of mine. He drops in every once in a while after quitting time. "I got to blow up somewhere," he says.

Joe is a hill man. He loves the mountains with a great and holy love (I must ask him if he ever met John Muir, and introduce him). He speaks of the mountains with his eyes as well as with his tongue. And he says "Gosh" a great many times—at the beginning and at the end of almost every sentence. Apart from the mountains and just one other thing, Joe asks for hardly anything life has to offer. He told me last night: "Gosh, Bill, I'd jest like to own a pair o' binoculars, a parrot (one o' them green ones), and a camera. Then put me in them there hills an' leave me be. Gosh!"

Joe and I became acquainted through his having heard from some one that I had at some time had something printed in a magazine.

Joe is taking a short-story course. He has been doing so for ever so long.

"O' course, Bill, I ain't figurin' to ever amount to much as a writer; but you know how it is. Gosh!" says Joe. "I'd kinder like to see my name on the cover of a magazine. If I could jest see it there once I believe I'd be satisfied. You know how it is. Gosh!"

Gosh! Yes, I know how it is. But I never tell Joe so. I'm too fond of Joe. He is no end of a good sort. He would have been in his mountains these many years but for his children's sakes.

"Gosh! I got to give my kids education, ain't I, Bill? A feller's got to do the right thing, ain't he, Bill? Gosh!"

Joe's boy has started out in life now. There is no need for him to remain in the flat valley any longer.

Joe was going to his hills next month. He is not going now, though. His little girl fell down and well-nigh cut her hand off on some broken glass. You can see the hurt in Joe's eyes; two sorts of hurt—the love hurt for his little girl, and his heart hunger for his hills.

He tells me, speaking of his short-story course: "I got it figured this way, Bill. If a feller jest keeps a-poundin' at them editors, they're agoin' to take something o' his some day. They jest ain't able to stand it if you keeps a-poundin' at 'em. Gosh!"

Joe has the winning spirit; but it will not get him into print. I've never told him that. Why should I?

When he goes into the library and scans the rows of books upon the shelves now, I know what he thinks and feels. He thinks and feels, reading the names of authors, "I'm one o' them fellers." He looks at the long rows of world-famed books with the bright eye of comradeship. Shakespeare and Anatole France, Kipling or Zona Gale, do not awe him; for he is one with them—a brother of the pen.

Were I to tell him that he will never break into print, he would no longer feel at home in the library. He'd feel the lonelier down here in the valley, where he and I are, as it were, prisoners; he from his mountains, and I from my sea. Shakespeare and Anatole France, Kipling and all of them, would become but cold-eyed strangers.

Joe gives me his poems to read, and his stories also. I know what editors are. Gosh!

Joe is happy, even though his little girl was cut through nerves and arteries and has a crippled hand. He has her in the care of a specialist, and sooner or later she will be all right again. But it will use up most of the money that with many years of hard work in the valley he has saved toward a home in the hills.

Folks such as Joe make the world good to live in. Patience, self-denial, courage, enough of ambition to flavor the pie of life—and a great love for clean things, for God and his hills.

Joe says: "Gosh! Jest a durn milk-bottle, Bill. Think o' that! If it had been some crazy feller had cut her, I could have swore at him. But you can't cuss a durn milk-bottle. Gosh!"

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W. B. OLIVER, Box 198, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

SCITUATE, MASS. FOR RENT
FOR JUNE, new house. Living-room, 6 bedrooms, screened piazza, garage, all modern conveniences; ocean front, First Cliff. Address 5 Adams Hall, Trinity Court, Boston, Mass.

New Hampshire

TO LET

An ideal summer home, 20 miles from **Rye Beach** and 500 ft. above sea level. House with 8 rooms, sleeping-porch, and bath. Apply F. Fernald, M.D., Nottingham, N. H.

FOR SALE. Birchmont, summer home, 4 miles from Wentworth, N. H.

On Baker Pond, 100 acres, mostly woodland. Nearly ½ mile water-front. 12-room house, furnished. 2-car, 2-story cement-floor garage. Ice-house filled. Boats. Excellent location for summer residence, hotel or "camp-inn." H. W. DOUGHTY, Amherst, Mass.

New York

COTTAGE in Adirondack Mts.

Furnished, 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold running water, electric lights, porches, garage, shade. Central for touring. Jersey milk, fresh vegetables, ice. $275 for season. Smaller cottage, $200. A. WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

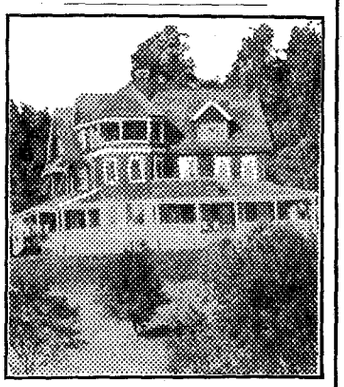
Beautiful 13-acre hill-top estate at BREWSTER Distant views, fine estates surrounding, owner's bungalow, caretaker's cottage, new and all modern improvements, large barn, servants' quarters, city water. Property cost over $25,000. Will sacrifice for immediate cash sale as I intend to reside abroad. 3,415, Outlook.

For Rent Furnished summer cottages on **FISHERS ISLAND, N. Y.** Write for particulars. Box 207, Fishers Island, N. Y.

LAKE HILL, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Near Woodstock Art Colony. Furnished cottage for rent. 11 rooms, 2 baths, modern plumbing. Address **Dr. WILBER M. DAILEY,** 19 East 69th St., New York City.

New York



For Rent, the Season

Newly Built Modern House
West of Lake Mahopac
Inland from Peekskill on the Hudson. Completely furnished. 16 rooms, hardwood trim, 7 open fireplaces, tiled bathroom. 800 feet elevation. View unsurpassed in the State. Pure, frigid water. Secluded neighborhood. To a family who is appreciative this health-giving home upon a large farm estate is offered. ARTHUR E. WOOD, 41 West 125th St., N. Y. City.

Lake Champlain, For rent, cottage, six rooms, furnished; south of Essex, ideal location; 1½ acres land; beach; $175 season. E. W. LEANING, 100 State St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR RENT SEASON, on Lake Champlain, at Douglas, N. Y. 7-room camp, modern improvements, electric lights. A. W. SHIELDS, Keeseville, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE

For rent, 2 summer homes on the Bolton Road. Furnished. Both on the lake. Adamson & Bayle Company, Glens Falls, N. Y.

COTTAGE—Near Ramapos

35 miles from New York. 5 rooms and bath, hot water. Garage. Bus route Suffern-Haverstraw. Milk. Ice. Splendid scenery. Open country. Ideal for artist or writer. $350 season. Write G. J. COX, 509 West 121st St., N. Y. C.

To Rent, June 1 to Oct. 1

House overlooking golf course. 5 master's bedrooms, 4 baths, sleeping-porch, and two-car garage. Write or telephone R. T. HOLT, Dongan Hills, Staten Island, N. Y.

Pennsylvania

For Sale at Pocono Manor, Pa.

three hours from New York on D. L. & W., **summer cottage,** beautifully situated, five minutes' walk to inn, or golf course. Nine bedrooms, two bathrooms, large living-room, dining-room, and kitchen. First-class condition and completely furnished. Apply to E. A. HOOPES, Pocono Manor, Pa.

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Watch Hill, R.I. Attractively furnished bungalow, large lot, overlooking ocean, adjoining golf course. Refined environment. Modern conveniences. 4 bedrooms, living-room, kitchen, garage. Photograph and particulars. H. C. BUCK, Hartford, Conn.

WATCH HILL, R. I.

FOR RENT
Nicely furnished cottage, near golf course, for June and July. Five sleeping-rooms, sleeping-porch, two baths, and garage. 3,381, Outlook.

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DORSET HOLLOW, DORSET, VT.

Six and seven room furnished cottages in the quiet of the beautiful Vermont mountains. Baths, hot and cold water, open fireplaces, and garages. $225 and $300 for the season.
C. G. HOWE, Glen Farm.

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TWO unusual apartments, having own large grounds, shade trees, garage, overlooking Hudson and park, thirty minutes 42d St.; six large rooms, sun-porch, open fireplaces; ideal environment for creative work; small families. $150-$200 monthly. 3,413, Outlook.

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Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

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J. J. GREENOUGH, DEERFIELD, MASS.

Pure Vermont Maple Syrup
2 gallons $5. 1 gallon $3
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INDIVIDUAL paper and envelopes. 200 sheets 6x7 high grade bond and 100 envelopes, $1. West of Denver, $1.10. Postage prepaid. Or, if more convenient, sent collect. You pay postman the few cents C.O.D. charges. Your name, address, etc., up to 4 lines. Printed in dark blue ink. Copper Journal, Hancock, Mich.

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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. *Institutional executives,* secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; governesses, nurses, housekeepers, companions, secretaries, dietitians, teachers.

HELP WANTED

CAPABLE, cheerful woman to take charge of widower's household. Children 12, 14, and 16. One servant. State experience, references, and salary. 5,857, Outlook.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "*YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY.*" Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite P-5842, Washington, D. C.

TRAINED and experienced religious and social welfare workers for high-class positions. EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (Agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

WANTED—A woman with executive ability and some experience for housemother in nursery department of children's home. 5,861, Outlook.

WANTED—Housekeeper for fifty-bed hospital in North Newfoundland. Also superintendent with institutional training for orphanage housing sixty children. Living and traveling expenses with small salaries. International Grenfell Association, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—just the right person as working housekeeper. Family of two in winter, four in summer. Must be a good cook, clean, and good tempered. Winters near New York, summers on Cape Cod. Pleasant home, all consideration. 5,871, Outlook.

WANTED—to go in country near New Haven, Conn., intelligent person as maid or attendant to elderly woman. Address Mrs. Ossian Ray, 1207 Forest St., New Haven, Conn.

HELP WANTED

WANTED, young lady, not over 35, as companion and housekeeper to elderly lady in beautiful country home as member of family. *Nothing menial.* Must be willing, intelligent, well educated socially, happy disposition, of best family. None other. Former experience unnecessary to innately refined lady. Return from California April 1. References exchanged. Protestant. 5,873, Outlook.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence capable of earning $100 a week. Previous business experience *not necessary, but experience in educational* work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

SITUATIONS WANTED

A college woman of world-wide traveling experience will act as guide or traveling *companion to a party or individual* during the summer months. Exchange of references required. 5,735, Outlook.

ATTENDANT, male, with hospital experience, *wishes position caring for mentally* disordered patient or invalid. Well educated. References. 5,859, Outlook.

BOY'S companion-tutor. Young American, *6 feet tall, athletic, high school* graduate. Scholastic and social training at home and abroad. Speaks French and Spanish fluently. References exchanged. 5,872, Outlook.

COMPANION-*housekeeper in home of* refinement. Nominal salary. References exchanged. 5,858, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires summer work as *companion, secretary, tutor, teacher of* Spanish or English. 5,862, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as culinary manager in a summer camp. Address Box 12, Lakeville, Conn.

HARVARD graduate, 1924, desires summer *position as tutor.* Experienced. 5,874, Outlook.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE student desires summer position as tutor. Excellent record and references. 5,820, Outlook.

LADY, cultured, well educated, as companion-secretary or chaperon. Will travel. References. 5,869, Outlook.

MOUNT HOLYOKE SENIOR desires summer travel in Europe as tutor or companion. References. 5,860, Outlook.

POSITION as governess or tutor during summer months by primary teacher. Best references. 5,865, Outlook.

REFINED, educated Christian lady of middle age desires position as companion or working housekeeper in city; willing to go to country for summer. References exchanged. 5,868, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as housemother in school or as companion-housekeeper. 5,844, Outlook.

SUMMER position desired by lady as companion. Good reader, musical. Available June 1. 5,866, Outlook.

SUMMER position. Teacher with secretarial training. June 15—September 15. Traveling preferred. 5,863, Outlook.

TEACHER desires summer position as companion or seamstress. 5,826, Outlook.

TRAVELING—Refined young lady, Wyoming teacher, desires position as governess in Eastern family. References required. 5,870, Outlook.

TUTOR and *companion for boy or adult* during summer. Athletic, French, German, and sciences, especially medical. Familiar with Europe and South America. References. Graduate of college and two years in Continental university. Address A. H. S., 1001 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

VASSAR senior desires position as secretary or tutor in family traveling for summer. 5,877, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, teacher, wishes position for September. Biology, chemistry, physics. Public or private school. Eastern States. *Post Office Box 67, Morristown, N. J.*

YOUNG woman, cultured, competent, trustworthy, as nurse-companion. Highest references. Willing to travel. 5,875, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, 30, college graduate, capable and congenial, will act as traveling companion or tutor. April 15. 5,878, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

YOUNG couple, university graduates, 3 small children, will give home to normal 4 year old child, whose guardian prefers intelligent supervision and training to luxurious surroundings. Country. One servant. Husband professional man. References. Suitable remuneration. 5,828, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

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